

15 CENTS

The GRAPHIC

NOVEMBER 10



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SOCIAL CALENDAR

Announcements of engagements, births, marriages, entertainments, etc., for the calendar pages are free of charge and should be received in the office of THE GRAPHIC, suite 515, 424 South Broadway. Phones, A4482 or Broadway 6486, not later than four days previous to date of issue. No corrections can be guaranteed if they are received later than that date. Lack of space sometimes makes it necessary to limit the social announcements to the ten days immediately following date of issue.

The public is warned that photographers have no authority to arrange for sittings, free of charge or otherwise, for publication in THE GRAPHIC, unless appointments have been made specifically in writing by this office.

Unsolicited manuscripts and photographs will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes.

ENGAGEMENTS

CLIFFORD—SPENDLOVE. Miss Allison Clifford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Clifford, of Hollywood, to Lieutenant Albert E. Spendlove of Winnipeg. No date has been set for the wedding as yet, but no doubt it will be one of the social events of the season.

FLOWERS—DOLAN. Miss Mary Flowers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Montaville Flowers of Monrovia, to Mr. Otis Dyer Dolan. Mr. Dolan is a member of the United States Naval Reserve and is stationed at San Pedro.

DOLAN—WHITE. Miss Marie Dolan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James W. Dolan, of Hollywood, to Mr. Robert L. White, also of Hollywood. Miss Dolan is a member of one of the wealthiest families in Hollywood and is popular in the smart set there. The wedding will take place ere long.

CUTLER—DAGGETT. Miss Laura Elizabeth Cutler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Cutler of Pasadena, to Mr. Robert S. Daggett, of South Pasadena. The wedding will take place this winter.

BEVERIDGE—WILSON. Miss Frances Beveridge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George F. Beveridge, of Los Angeles, to Mr. Edgar Forbes Wilson. No date has yet been set for the wedding. Mr. Wilson is an ensign in the navy, stationed in San Francisco.

KAVANAGH—KOENIG. Miss Kathleen Kavanagh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Kavanagh, of Los Angeles, to Lieutenant Egmont F. Koenig, of the Twenty-first United States Infantry. Miss Kavanagh has for several seasons been one of the most popular members of the younger set. Lieutenant Koenig is the son of Dr. Herman Koenig a retired physician of New York. The wedding will probably be an event of the near future.

BARBOUR—KOCHERSPERGER. Miss Eleanor Mildren Barbour, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William McKelvy Barbour, of Pelham, New York, formerly of Los Angeles, to Mr. Howard Kochersperger of Boston, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hiram M. Kochersperger of New Haven, Conn.

CLARK—CORNETT. Mrs. Jessica Clark of Santa Monica to Rev. Dr. W. H. Cornett, also of Santa Monica. Mrs. Clark is prominent in the social activities in the bay district. Rev. Cornett has been pastor of the large and fashionable Presbyterian church in Santa Monica for the past ten years. The wedding will take place on New Year's Day.

FERRIE—McLAUGHLIN. Miss Margaret E. Ferrie, daughter of Mrs. J. T. Grier of Los Angeles, to Mr. Donald Hamilton McLaughlin, son of Mrs. Katherine McLaughlin of Berkeley.

CROCKER—DE LIMUR. Announcement of the betrothal of Miss Ethel Mary Crocker and Comte Andre de Limur, has recently been made.

CARUTHERS—CONWAY. Miss Betty Caruthers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Caruthers, of Los Angeles, to Captain Norman Butler Conway, U. S. A. The wedding will take place at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, in the near future,

Mrs. Caruthers and the bride-elect having left for the Kansas army post this week.

ORTON—PETERMAN. Miss Ruth Orton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Orton of Los Angeles, to Mr. Russell Peterman. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

WEDDINGS

UHL—DAWSON. October 29, Miss Eleanor Uhl, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Uhl of Piedmont, to Mr. H. Ward Dawson of Los Angeles and a member of the Naval Reserve corps at San Pedro. The wedding took place at the Swedenborgian Church in San Francisco, closely following the engagement announcement which proved a delightful surprise to a host of friends.

DODGE—HUM. October 29, Miss Josephine Dodge, daughter of Mr. S. E. Dodge, to Mr. James Willard Hum. The wedding took place at the home of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. Caroline Sanders in Los Angeles. The young couple will make their home in Hollywood and a number of post-nuptial affairs are planned in their honor.

MAURICE—STAMPLEY. October 30, Miss Edith Maurice, of Los Angeles, to Captain Leo Stampley of the United States Coast Artillery at Fort McArthur. The wedding took place at St. John's Church and was followed by a reception at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. William Thomas Maurice.

TALCOTT—HUNT. October 30, Miss Myrtle Adele Talcott of Los Angeles, to Captain Gordon Cecil Hunt, an officer in the English Army, whose home is in London, Canada.

CAMERON—THOMPSON. November 3, Miss Nina Cameron, daughter of Brig. Gen. George H. Cameron of Camp Kearney, to Captain John B. Thompson, aide de camp to Major Gen. Arthur Murray. The marriage took place in San Diego.

YOUNG—RIVERS. November 3, Miss Dorothy L. Young of San Francisco, to Mr. Nairn Rivers, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Bedford Rivers of Los Angeles. The ceremony was celebrated at the home of the bridegroom's parents.

STEARNS—HUBBARD. November 3, Miss Marjorie Stearns, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick K. Stearns of Beverly Hills and New York, to Lieutenant Edward Waite Hubbard. The wedding took place at Cavalry Church, New York City.

JONES—MEYLER. November 3, Miss Helen Pendleton Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Carlos Jones of Los Angeles, to Lieutenant Robert Gephard Meyler, son of the late Captain James J. Meyler and Mrs. Meyler of Los Angeles. The ceremony was one of the most interesting of the autumn weddings, owing to the social prominence of the two families and the popularity of the young couple.

GILMAN—McFALL. Miss Ruth Gilman, daughter of Mrs. Delia Gilman, to Mr. Lyman McFall of Kansas City. Mrs. Gilman and her daughter went east two months ago and the wedding took place in Kansas City the last of October.

RICHARDSON—POWELL. Miss Dorothy Richardson, daughter of Mrs. Isaac Starr Richardson of Montara, near San Francisco, to Mr. George Powell, son of Mrs. Louise Weston Powell, of Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. Powell will make their home in Bisbee, Arizona, where Mr. Powell is in business awaiting his turn to go to the front.

MOORE—EDWARDS. Miss Sylvia Loreen Moore, daughter of Mrs. Frances Douglas McPherson of Los Angeles, to Lieutenant Frank Gustave Edwards, U. S. A.

PALMER—BRUCK. Miss Dorothy Palmer, daughter of Col. and Mrs. Palmer of the U. S. A., to Lieutenant Edward Porter Bruck. The Palmers have made their home for a number of years at Honolulu, where Col. Palmer is stationed. Lieutenant Bruck is an officer at American Lake.



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THE CAR OF THE FUTURE

ALTERABLE instantly into either a full-dress limousine party car, a sedan, or a wide-open, cross-country touring car, this ingenious new Premier model relieves you of all necessity of keeping more than one car in your garage—no matter how varied or exacting your motor car needs may be. Incidentally, money can buy nothing finer, and the coach work is simply immaculate

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A MOTOR CAR FOR EVERY INCOME

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BROADWAY SHOWROOMS—BROADWAY AT FOURTH

Open Evenings, 7 to 9

RECEPTIONS, DANCES, ETC.

November 10. Patriotic Pageant to be given at the home of Mrs. A. C. Bilicke in Monterey Road, Los Angeles. This mammoth benefit in which society folk are actively interested is for the benefit of the Belgians.

November 10. Mrs. Michael J. Connell is entertaining a group of fifty or more friends at the Belgian Relief pageant this afternoon in the grounds of Mrs. A. C. Bilicke's residence in Monterey road, South Pasadena.

November 10. A coterie of the sub-deb set will be the guests of Miss Nancy Bilicke at the Belgian Relief pageant to be given this afternoon, in the beautiful garden of Mrs. A. C. Bilicke's home on Monterey Road in South Pasadena.

November 10. Red Cross benefit dance to be held in Masonic Temple, Glendale. Mrs. Earl Leighton Bryant and Miss Violet Turner are in charge of the affair.

Sat. Nov. 10. Jonathan Club Saturday night dinner dances. 6:30 p. m. to midnight. Informal.

November 11. Big All-Star Vaudeville entertainment to be given at Clune's Auditorium, Sunday afternoon, under the auspices of the National Defense League.

November 12. The first of the buffet supper dances of the season will be given at Hotel Alexandria. Beginning with the first week in December these events will be held both Monday and Thursday evenings throughout the winter months.

November 14. Mrs. Lillian Burkhart Goldsmith will speak on "Patriotism in Poem and Drama" before the Wednesday Morning Club.

November 14. Mrs. Lillian Burkhart Goldsmith will speak on Patriotism in Poem and Drama, before the Wednesday Morning Club. November 21. Mrs. Ella W. Duffield will present Songs for Children, of which she is the composer.

November 15. The Dramatic Club of the U. S. C. will produce three one act plays in the chapel. December 6 and 7, the Junior class will present "Disraeli" by George Arliss.

November 17. First program of the season by British-California Players to be given at the Ebel Clubhouse, when "Mr. Bobs" will be presented by a clever cast.

Nov. 17. Jonathan Club Saturday night dinner dance 6:30 P. M. to midnight. Informal.

November 17. San Diego Freedom Pageant.

November 24. First of Junior Assemblies at Kramer's.

Nov. 24. Jonathan Club Saturday night dinner dance 6:30 P. M. to midnight. Informal.

Nov. 28. Jonathan Club Thanksgiving Ball 7 P. M. to midnight. Reservations open Nov. 5. Special dinner and entertainment.

Midwick Country Club Saturday night dinner dances every Saturday evening during November.

Nov. 24. Midwick Country Club Thanksgiving dinner dance.

ART

Nov. 1-15. Exhibition of paintings by Helena Dunlap at Museum of History, Science and Art, Esposition Park, Los Angeles.

November 3-25. Twenty-eighth Annual Exhibition of the New York Water Color Club; American Fine Arts Society Galleries, 215 West 57th Street

November 17-December 8. Exhibition of the work of master craftsmen; Art Alliance of America, 10 East Forty-seventh Street

December 17-31. Magazine covers, calendars and greeting cards with a

prize competition; Art Alliance of America, 10 East Forty-seventh Street.

MUSIC

November 12-25, La Scala Grand Opera Company, Clune's Auditorium.

Thursday evening, November 15th, Alma Gluck, Prima Donna Soprano at Trinity Auditorium.

November 16. Jomelli, soprano, at the Auditorium, Long Beach.

Saturday afternoon, November 17th, Alma Gluck, Prima Donna Soprano at Trinity Auditorium.

Friday evening, November 30th, Orpheus Club at Trinity Auditorium.

GOLF

Nov. 11. Los Angeles Country Club Mixed Foursome.

Sat. Nov. 17, P. M. Los Angeles Country Club Julius A. Brown Trophy, 18 Holes. Medal Play Handicap. Winner of trophy not eligible for Sweepstakes.

Thursday, Nov. 29. Thanksgiving Day, A. M. Los Angeles Country Club Four-Ball Medal Play Handicap.

Thursday Nov. 29. Thanksgiving Day P. M. Los Angeles Country Club Match Play vs. Par.

Midwick Country Club men's golf events: Club cup every Saturday; Ball Sweepstakes every Wednesday.

TENNIS

Nov. 24. Midwick Country Club men's doubles—Round Robin Tennis Tournament for club prizes.

December 24. National Indoor Jr. Championship, Seventh Regiment T. C., N. Y.

January 7. Midwinter Championship, Pinehurst (N. C.) C. C.

February 4. Women's Invitation, Heights Casino, Brooklyn, N. Y.

February 6. Carnival Championship, Beretan a T. C., Honolulu, Hawaii.

February 11. National Indoor Singles Championship, Seventh Regiment T. C., N. Y.

March 2 Florida State Championship, Palm Beach (Fla.) T. C.

March 11. Women's National indoor championship; Seventh Regiment T. C., New York.

BENCH SHOWS

November 7-10. Houston Dog Fan ciers Association, Houston, Texas.

November 14-15. Boston Terrier Club Specialty Show, Boston, Mass.

November 15-17. Los Angeles. R. C. Halsted, Secy. Entries close November 1st.

November 30. National Maltese Dog Club, New York.

December 1. Airedale Terrier Club of America, New York.

December 4-5. Albany, New York, Dog Club.

December 14-15. San Francisco. R. C. Halsted, Secy. Entries close December 1st.

December 31-January 2. Eastern Dog Club Show; Boston.

January 18-19. San Diego. R. C. Halsted, Secy.

The Pasadena Show will be held in February or March, date to be announced later.

AUTO SHOW

November 12-17. Los Angeles.

HORSE SHOWS

October 27-Nov. 8. Columbus, Ohio.

November 12-17. National Horse Show, Madison Square Garden, New York City.

HORSE RACING

October 27-November 3. Racing at Del Monte. The Del Monte Golf and Country Club is offering a series of handsome trophies, including the autumn tankard for the winner.

November 29-February 28. Tia Juana Jockey Club, Mexico.

November 29-March 24. Cuba—American Jockey Club, Havana.

CHARACTERIZED BY DISTINCTIVE ELEGANCE
IS EACH IMPORTED ARTICLE SELECTED BY
MISS COLLINS FOR HER EXCLUSIVE
CLIENTAGE

COLLINS MILLINERY
NO. 737 SOUTH BROADWAY



Personal Christmas Cards

Over two hundred different designs are now being shown in our engraving department—many of the more exclusive numbers being limited to as few as one hundred cards. Your very earliest inspection is recommended that you may see the full selection.

Mail orders will receive our very careful attention and while it is impossible to send the full assortment of samples by mail we will be glad to submit a select few.

THE GIFT SHOP WITH A NATIONAL REPUTATION

A. E. Little Company
STATIONERS ENGRAVERS ART DEALERS
426 South Broadway



The Graphic

TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

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 ERNEST McGAFFEY, - - - - - Associate Editor
 CHAS. A. HAWLEY, - - - - - Advertising Manager

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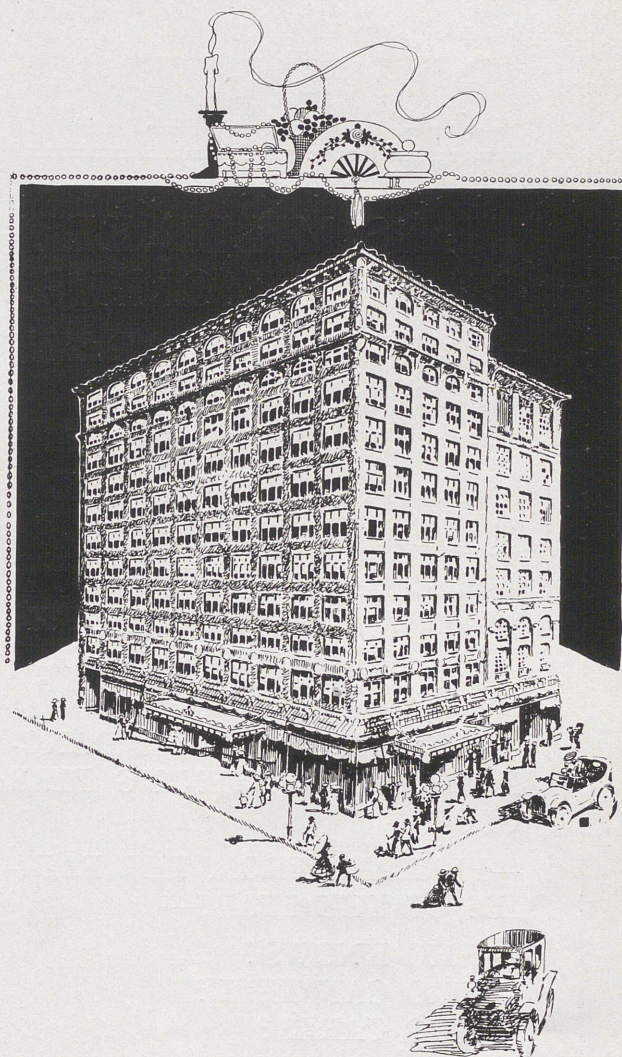
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The New York Store's
 NEW HOME
 SEVENTH AT GRAND AVE.

—The chief ornaments of this store are not the fine windows and the grand staircase and the beautiful carpets and draperies—the main attractions are the **STYLES** and **THE MODERATE PRICES**



OF FUR!

—THIS MILLINERY
OF THE MOMENT

—OF FUR, AND AGAIN,
OF DREAMS.

—FOR NOT OUT OF THE
MINDS OF DAYTIME DO
THESE HATS COME.

—PERHAPS OUT OF THE
SHADOW CORNERS THROUGH
THE FLICKERING OF CAN-
DLELIGHT—

—PERHAPS FROM THE DANC-
ING OF THE EVENING FIRE
GLOW—

—PERHAPS FROM THE FAIR-
IES OF THE STARS—

—WHO KNOWS?

—WHO CAN TELL?

—WHO CARES?

—WITH THE FACT THAT

THE HATS

—ARE LOVELY, SO PER-
FECTLY CLEAR AND
EVIDENT

—OF NUTRIA WITH VELVET
OR SATIN.

—AS BRILLIANT AS BULLOCK
HATS ARE WONT TO BE.

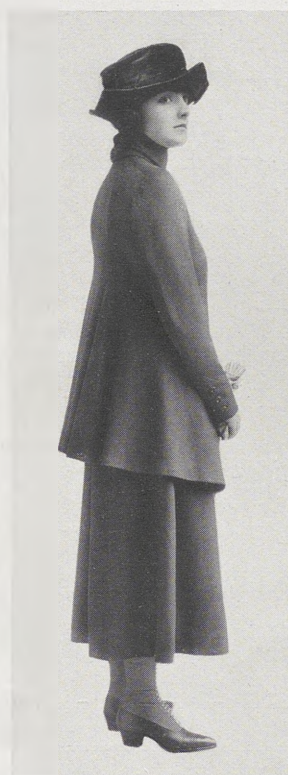
—AND AS BEWITCHING—

—IF THIS WILL EVEN START
A TWINGE OF DESIRE TO SEE
THEM

—THEN ALL IS WELL—

—FIND THEM AT BULLOCK'S
ONLY —3RD FLOOR.

Bullock's
Los Angeles



—The above pictures from actual
photographs of practical new styles
for Mademoiselle—

—Now being shown in her very own
section at Bullock's,

—3rd Floor

The Graphic

SETTING FORTH THE TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



MRS. LAWRENCE BARKER

One of the younger society matrons of Los Angeles, with her winsome little daughter, Betty. Mrs. Barker before her marriage was Miss Natalie Cole, one of the popular society buds of Los Angeles and also of San Francisco, her later home



NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE UNFOLDING OF Russian national characteristics has been very significant during the present war. Tolstoi, Turgenev and Dostoevsky have all united, in their powerful books, in painting Russian character in its contradictory and elusive colors. Trying to grasp Russian human nature as an entirety is as futile as trying to grasp a handful of quicksilver and holding it. There is much that is ephemeral and child-like in the Slav make-up. Wonderful possibilities, but doubtful actualities. The Russ is a childlike compound of emotion, timidity, superstition, bravery, gratitude, and fatalism. His republic, revolution-built, is yet only a beginning. It is like opening the front door and stepping out into the back yard. Infinite patience is the one vital necessity in handling the Russian situation, and the iron qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race in this respect is likely to be put to severe tests in bringing order out of chaos so far as the Russians are concerned.

DO YOU SEE HIM entering that building? Well dressed, well groomed, alert, decisive in step and movement. He is the man in the street. A business man, merchant, professional man, minister, clerk, actor, musician, commercial traveler—a man of myriad callings and interests—society sometimes loses sight of his paramount influence. With an intelligence rubbed daily on the strop of human experience, his wits have taken on a razor-like keenness. If you wish to influence him you must be honest with him. Logic, common-sense, fair-play and good-fellowship all appeal to him, but buncombe, exaggeration and lack of candor arouse his instant antagonism. He has his ideals of home, law and order, and happiness. He has no fear of hard work. His name seldom reaches the papers, but he and his kind are the great moving strength and stability of all the cities. He is the man to be depended upon in every great crisis. He is, in the last analysis, the Atlas on whose shoulders rests the burden of the community. He does not, of course, represent the entire virtues of his city. Capital and Labor have each done, and are doing herculean work in the building and the maintaining of the city within our gates. But unassuming yet resolute, diligent and smiling, he is both worker and dreamer, comrade and friend, and you will meet him everywhere and anywhere—the man in the street.

AS THE POPULATION of the city increases, as the downtown streets continue to be more and more crowded, as motor traffic grows by leaps and bounds, the vital necessity of a downtown subway zone becomes more and more imperative. Life—the most precious of all earthly possessions—demands it; safety from dangerous physical injuries is the second potent reason for it; and finally, economy, and the sightliness of the mid-city thoroughfares make it a consummation devoutly to be wished,

Fix the zone limit, arouse the fighting Californian spirit, and build the subways. There are no obstacles which can defeat the project once Los Angeles decrees that the work shall be done.

PROBABLY NEVER BEFORE in the history of the United States has there been such a universal welding of States interests as that brought about by the Liberty Loans. Each for all, and all for each has been given a more solid basis for the future than since 1776. Even the Revolution which marks the birth of our nation was not nearly so fixed, concrete, and irrevocable an expression of the American spirit as a whole. It shows that a republic composed of many states, differing vastly in climatic, topographical and commercial conditions—and even with racial differences—can almost instantly be made into a mighty and impregnable bulwark to repel encroachments against Liberty. States rights have been jealously guarded in the past. States brotherhood is going to be a potent factor in days to come. Danger and devotion to duty brings nations as well as individuals more closely together, and beyond the sullen clouds of the present war lies a dawn of splendid promise for the American people.

IN THE VARIOUS ECONOMIES urged upon the people during these stirring times, one economy—that of saving time—seems to have been overlooked. Putting the clock back an hour or so, or devising methods—more or less Joshua-like—to halt the sun in its course, will not solve the problem. But much can be accomplished by giving the public less long-drawn-out editorials, speeches, resolutions, whereas-es, books, pamphlets, circulars, reviews, plays, manifestos, etc., and boiling down all reading matter and verbal effusions to a clarified residuum. The revised report of Station Agent Finnigan, done into immortal verse: "Off agin, on agin, gone agin, Finnigan," to replace the original long-winded report of a railroad accident, is a shining example of what can be done in this line. Be brief, be brief, and everywhere be brief. So that the busy business man, whether reading books, newspapers, editorials, etc., or listening to some tedious never-ending discussion of local or national importance may not be tempted to exclaim in very self-defence: "How long, Oh Lord! How long?"

LOUVAIN

*Over palace and spire that morning the sunbeams were sifting
As a tide on the sands comes with crescented curvings uplifting.*

*Round about were the walls and embrasures and fortifications,
With cannon couched ready to speak and gunners concealed at their
stations.*

*Then a siege gun croaked hoarse from its nest in a far-away meadow
And a steel-clad projectile, colossal, rose up like a shadow—*

*Rose up as a shadow, a vulture, across the stormed city
And descended a demon, unknowing of wrath or of pity.*

*And the guns from the walls joined the sulphurous chorus satanic
Till from battery dismantled to hospital burning, a panic*

*Burst outward with flames from the attics high-leaping and spouting,
And through streets lined with dead ran the populace, pouring and
shouting*

*From gate and from house-top; from cellar and cloister, on God vainly
crying*

'Mid a calling of wounded for water; and moans of the dying.

*Down toppled the churches and steeples to Christ once invoken
Their aisles clogged about them with slain, and their images broken.*

*And men were wild beasts on that night with their orgies and laughter,
With young girls in their clutch, and young wives who were murdered
thereafter.*

*So with palace and with spire as torn by an earthquake and shaken
In a weltering inferno of horror the city was taken.*

ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

BY THE WAY

FROM apparent obscurity to the proud distinction of being one of the three greatest merchandisers of automobiles in the United States, in twelve months time, is the happy distinction of Mr. M. A. Leach. Los Angeles can well be proud of Mr. Leach: first because he is a native son, and second because it was his faith in Los Angeles that gave him the incentive to accomplish what he has done in the merchandising of motor cars here. In motor circles throughout the country his name is a source of ready comment, not only because of his signal success in the sale of motor cars, but because of his matured plans for the further extension of his already extensive enterprises in the line of motor distribution. The new building on the northeast corner of Sixteenth and Figueroa streets, which when completed will represent an investment of a quarter of a million dollars, is an evidence of the ability manifested by Mr. Leach, who has justly earned for himself a high position among the "live wire" motor car dealers of Los Angeles.

A RARE ANNIVERSARY

THE fiftieth anniversary of a wedding is occasionally chronicled and made the subject of many congratulations. But when the anniversary is the sixtieth that a couple has celebrated, it becomes an occasion of unusual notice. The diamond wedding—the sixtieth wedding anniversary—of Albert Vander Naillen and Victoria Herla de Werpın was celebrated October 10 at Oakland. Dr. Vander Naillen is Chevalier of the Order of Leopold of Belgium, a member of the California Academy of Sciences and the American Science Association, and was a charter member of L'Institut General Psychologique of Paris, France. He is the author of several works of psychological character, and is a speaker of unusual ability, as shown by his address at the Gamut Club last spring. Contributing to the joys of the diamond wedding were poems by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Anna B. Newbegin, Willatz Johannsen and others. Twenty or twenty-five descendants were present at the celebration.

SARTORI ON DICTATORS

WHEN a gentleman with pacifist tendencies starts airing his grievances against the Government and voices his disapproval of dictators and controllers in our democratic land in the hearing of Mr. Joseph Sartori, he is apt to have a dose of common sense administered to him at short notice. For Mr. Sartori has a supreme faith in master minds in a governmental crisis, a stern belief in the necessity for a single head of affairs who must not be hampered by being called upon to ask the opinions of clerks and office boys and janitors before he can make big decisions or institute essential innovations. Take Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo. Mr. Sartori, as a banker, has a good deal to do with him. Many of his ultimatums have fallen heavily upon the bankers. And there was a time in the far-off peace days when bankers did not entirely approve of his dominating, arbitrary methods. But in war time, in a crisis, this very dominating quality has been proven essential and highly desirable. And Mr. Sartori was overheard telling this and a good deal more to a disgruntled caviller at the California Club the other day—standing up for his own pet tyrant in no uncertain terms. No matter how hard the McAdoo edicts may have fallen upon the Security Savings Bank, Joseph Sartori was heard declaring that anything demanded by the American Government must be promptly furnished by American bankers to the last dollar, and that he personally stood a ready victim if the necessity arose. In fact, Mr. Sartori implied that he believed quite as fully in drafting bankers as he did in drafting soldiers. And this is, after all, the true democratic spirit.

THE NEW ENSIGNS

AMONG the proud recipients of new ensign honors at the San Pedro camp last week were Jack Winston, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Winston; and Richard Enderly, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Enderly. They only had two precious days with their relatives before going on to San Diego, where they will be stationed for a time, but they were crowded hours of glorious life. Celebrations were naturally quite in order and all their girl friends hastened to pay

them honor in good measure. Yes, indeed, the world was obviously made for young ensigns.

A JAPANESE VISITOR

RETURNING to Los Angeles after an absence of about five years, Ryoza Asano, of Tokyo, has been greeting his friends at the Alexandria Hotel the past week. He is well known in the shipping circles of the world as the Managing Director of the great Tokyo Kisen Kaisha, one of the important steamship lines of Japan, as an active director in the Asano shipbuilding Company, which has immense yards at Tsurume in the Asano Goshi Kaisha and the Asano Cement Company. Mr. Asano was educated at Harvard. He is one of the keenest golfers who has come across the Pacific to try the links of California, an ardent motorist, and a polished cosmopolitan gentleman at ease under any circumstances, and equal to any occasion of society, sport or business. He is a "good sport" in the best sense of the word, a lover of the outdoors, and is enthusiastic over the golf links of Southern California.

He was one of the organizers of the Tokyo Golf Club, and of the Yokohama Country Club, which are well known among visitors to the Far East. He is also a member of the leading metropolitan clubs of the Orient, and others extending from Tokyo to London. The Asano family is one of the influential families of Japan. Soichiro Asano, father of Ryoza, is internationally known, because of the pleasing custom, inaugurated by him many years ago, of opening his palatial residence in Tokyo, to prominent visitors, and thus giving them an opportunity of glimpsing real Japanese home life. This broadminded and generous hospitality has of course, won hundreds of friends and acquaintances for this family, with the result that Ryoza Asano's visit to this country has been one of continuous entertainment.



M. A. LEACH

A leading Los Angeles merchandiser of automobiles

IRISH DRAMATISTS

DR. Walter Lindley delivered his lecture, Irish Dramatists and the Irish Drama before the Santa Monica Bay Woman's Club on Monday, November fifth. In the course of his address the speaker said: I will add to this Celtic list, an Irish play-wright whose work was first introduced to an American Audience less than a year ago. I refer to Lord Dunsany. He is the 18th Baron of that name, having been born on their extensive family estate, in the County of Meath, in Ireland, July 14, 1875. His family name is Plunkett, and he is the nephew of Sir Horace Plunkett who has done so much to advance the agricultural efficiency of Ireland. Lord Dunsany saw service in South Africa as a Lieutenant in the Cold Steam Guards. He is the best pistol shot in Ireland, and does his writing at night. He has been steadily serving as Captain in the British army during this war, except when invalidated for a few weeks with a gunshot wound.

The following is a chronological list of Lord Dunsany's plays:
 The Glittering Gate.....1909
 King Agimines and the Unknown Warrior.....1911
 The Gods of the Mountain.....1911
 The Golden Doom.....1912
 The Lost Silk Hat.....1913
 The Tents of the Arabs.....1915
 A Night at an Inn.....1916
 The Queen's Enemies.....1916
 The Laughter of the Gods.....1917

Last winter, New York went Dunsany mad. He is the great short play writer of the age. His plays are almost all founded on fancy and occur in imaginary worlds. They are the purest and most complete works of imagination. His aim is to take his audience away from the school master and teaching facts, facts, and away from the sordidness of earth. One critic says: "In an all too sordid day and age, when the romance of the open road seems to have given place to the romance of the counting house, he has opened anew for us the door of wonder, and has played the perfect host for us in his magic land." Lord Dunsany himself says: "The kind of drama that we most need today seems to be the kind that will build new worlds for the fancy, for the spirit, as much as the body, sometimes needs a change of scene."

BY THE WAY

IF there is a busier man in Los Angeles just now, or a man with a greater diversity of interests than Fred. W. Blanchard, then let him come forward and claim all due honor—that is, if he has the time to do so. Mr. Blanchard, whether from modesty or a stress of time, or both, could lend no aid to this tabulation of his own activities in Los Angeles' many enterprises. In fact even Miss Shanklin, his very efficient secretary, couldn't remember all of Mr. Blanchard's manifold interests without an exhaustive search of office records, which time precluded. However it is easy enough to list a short dozen of Mr. Blanchard's most time-taxing activities. His interest in music is so completely associated with his name that this may be mentioned first, although just now Mr. Blanchard is so engrossed in his patriotic duties as vice-president of the National Defenders Yuletide Committee, that perhaps that should be given a premier place. Another of his public spirited interests is connected with the Policemen's and Firemen's Emergency Fund, he being a member of the executive committee. Then too, he is a member, past president and secretary of the Municipal Art commission. Under the class of civic improvements Mr. Blanchard divides his time between being president of the depot committee of the Chamber of Commerce, president of the Central Development association which is fathering the plan for a splendid big union depot for Los Angeles, chairman of the Broadway Improvement association, and president of the Cahuenga Pass Improvement association. Musically, Mr. Blanchard must first be referred to as manager of the Los Angeles Symphony orchestra, which organization under his managerial reins promises to enjoy a greater success this year than ever before in its history. As president of the American Opera association Mr. Blanchard's fame extends across the continent, and additional musical interests include his presidency of the Gamut Club, his chairmanship of the musical committee of the Chamber of Commerce and also his own active management of the Blanchard Building, which is the official studio home of most of Los Angeles' artists, musical and otherwise.

MORE MUCK-RAKING

WEDNESDAY: Boston Symphony orchestra is requested to play the "Star Spangled Banner" at its concert in Providence, R. I., Request not made by season ticket holders. Thursday: Dr. Muck, director of the orchestra, refuses to make any change or addition to his program. The creator and backer of the orchestra—banker Higginson, of Boston—declines to interfere. Friday: The mayor of Boston says the Symphony orchestra would not be given a performance permit unless the tune is played. Friday Afternoon: Symphony concert given in Symphony Hall; "Star Spangled Banner" is played; Dr. Muck conducts it. Saturday: Dr. Muck resigns from directorship of the orchestra. Mr. Higginson declines to accept resignation. Sunday: Great excitement in Boston. The end is not yet!

THE MUSICAL CRITIC ON K. P.

K. P. stands for Kitchen Police at Camp Kearney and there are none so important that they can escape it. Hence when one of our foremost musical critics—Edwin Schallert, recently of the *Times*, who has held the reputation of musicians in the click of his typewriter—came round to his turn, the numerous erstwhile professional musicians who had been at his mercy, found the occasion jubilant with possibilities. When he clattered the dish pans they solemnly criticized his lack of harmony. When he burnt his fingers and snorted, they found fault with the quality of his tenor notes. When he peeled half a hundred-weight of onions, they decided his technique lacked training to a fatal degree. In fact, the victims of his profundity are getting their own back, and life is not all melody for Edwin Schallert these days. It is not often the musician gets so heaven-sent an opportunity of retaliation. Mr. Schallert is having all his little defects pointed out to him in daily doses by ruthless critics of his own now—large doses of his own medicine.

INIMITABLE HUMORISTS

IT IS much easier to laugh the dollars out of our pockets than to weep them. This fact was poignantly brought home to us at Hotel Alexandria on Saturday evening on the gay occasion of the Red Cross dinner dance when Charlie Chaplin and Marie Dressler staged an impromptu act for the cajolment of the happy diners. Marie Dressler, with Charlie for a bodyguard, auctioned off a little statuette that brought \$500 out of the generous pocket of Mrs. Willie Clark, jr., and everytime that debonnaire couple raised a laugh they got a raise in the bidding. Marie started by offering \$10 for it herself. "Now Charlie, what will you give for it?" she demanded in a stage whisper. Charlie obediently raised the price. Then Marie sat down on the piano and explained that she couldn't help it that she was so musical. Then she kissed Charlie affectionately and explained that it was strictly a maternal kiss. Then she demanded to know if there were any "other" gentlemen in the audience. And naturally, with a view to Marie's responsive kisses, other gentlemen with gentlemanly bids were forthcoming without demur. And so they played the merry game—tossing the repartee back and forth, playing naughty monkey tricks, and finally handing Mrs. Clark her purchase on their bended knees. Mrs. Clark can forever brag that she had two famous stars on their knees before her.

THE ROMANCE OF BIG BUSINESS

ARTY-CUM-literary temperamental geniuses are apt to wax contemptuous about commerce, business, industry, but there is romance and genius in business today as never before, and Los Angeles is palpitating with it.

Mr. Harold Arnold, of the Hudson Motor Car Company, is certainly one of the geniuses. Nor does he scorn to call upon literature art, psychology, and the cult of beauty, for aid in the scientific efficiency of which he is such an able exponent. The great new automobile house which he has raised on Seventh street at colossal expense is a glittering combination of artistic beauty, shrewd psychology, architectural genius, engineering triumph and business acumen. Every last detail has been thought out, even to the psychological effects of color upon prospective buyers. The color effects in greens and golds which make the Hudson store so compellingly attractive are the result of the careful study of the effect of color upon the human mind. "If we had carried our decorations out in drabs and browns" said Mr. Arnold, "it would have reduce our sales by 50%".

His business library is a revelation of the variety of studies that go to make successful business to-

day. Your successful business genius is a student *par excellence*, and keeps himself informed upon current thought in many departments of life that a college professor would not dream of. No wonder so many novelists have pre-empted big business for their pet theme—it belongs to the very essence of the nation.

IT was only in a paper, an ordinary sheet,
That I saw a picture of them, come marching down the street,
Down a street in Paris, with martial swing and sway,
And the French came out to meet them all along the way;
For the Two Flags went together,
To stand all kinds of weather,
Carried by our soldiers clad in khaki trim and neat.
They were so brave and beautiful, our flag and that of France,
As they floated close together at the head of our advance.
The men came on by fours and fours, a mighty conquering line,
Valor marked them when they laid their lives before her shrine.
Wide those flags their colors flew,
Blazing red and white and blue,
A vision of democracy flamed round about each lance.

PAULINE B. BARRINGTON



Wells and Vincent

FRED W. BLANCHARD

One of Los Angeles most public-spirited citizens, taking an active leadership in a diversity of interests, musical, civic and patriotic

FROM A BROADWAY WINDOW

By HAMILTON LITTLE



WE are very patriotic, of course, and have bedecked our buildings and our autos liberally with flags—but we have stopped there in too many instances. Once having flung the starry banner to the breeze, we have left it to hang till it has become begrimed, ragged, snarled, and a reproach to the country it represents. Let's take a day off, and clean up the disreputable flags that besmirch alike our buildings and our cars and our sense of the fitness of patriotism. Give 'em a bath!

FAIR femininity when it goes in for a fad, goes in completely. This remark is inspired by my vision, at the Orpheum recently, of a box filled with society women, who ostensibly had come to see a remarkably fine performance but who, each and every one of them, were spending the entire time of the show in knitting! Now, I don't have to wear what these good women knit, and so I've nothing to say against their manipulation of the needles and the wool. But isn't it rather odd that a bunch of them should pay some six bits apiece for seats in a theater, merely to spend a couple of hours at their favorite task? Why, may I ask, wouldn't the knitting have been quite as effective if done in some one's home with the cost of the theater tickets given to the Red Cross, or invested in Liberty Bonds? But if women were consistent, even in their charities, we'd not love 'em half so much—nor would the world be half so fine a place to dwell in. So there!



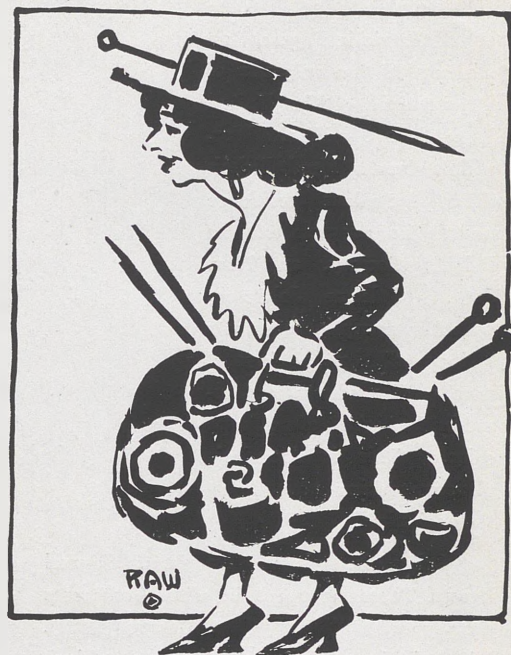
AT an expense of a quarter of a million dollars we are going to make a boulevard out of West First street—PART WAY! In other words, the middle section of that street is to be made a wide, level, paved thoroughfare, which will begin at the confluence of two narrow, car-crowded, ill-paved, down-town side streets, leading nowhere, and end—in the west—in an impassable gully. And there is as yet no plan for access to the quarter million dollar boulevard at either end, and it can only be reached comfortably if you hit it in the middle; while if you reach either end, if you are wise, you turn about and go whence you came. Of course a \$250,000 improvement is a good thing—for someone—in any city, but wouldn't it be the point of wisdom to give First street a beginning and an end, so that the public at large may know that a \$250,000 street is there? Possibly the honorable city council knew what it was about when it put over this scheme. Possibly! City councils have done such things before. But the many scores who pay for something that is of little use to them and of none to anyone else are wondering just what it all means. More camouflage?

THE police, or some one in the capacity of law enforcers, raided a gambling game not more than a few feet from Broadway one night recently; caught a bunch red-handed, chips and all, and took the individuals to the station, where they deposited bail of \$10 each, and presumably went away, soberly cogitating on their sins, with notice to appear in court with the dawn of another day. And a few hours later, another raid on the same place found the same men in a resumption of the same game, with the same cards, chips and dealer! Again they had a free ride gave \$10 bail apiece and, it being now close to daybreak, they were haled into court, that being cheaper than to jump their bail this time. And the good, wise, learned and honorable judge, with this twice-in-the-same-place crowd before him, assessed each \$10, suspended, and the dealer, \$50, suspended, for good behavior! Oh, what's the use?

BILLY Sunday has come and gone—and what will the harvest be? The reckoning will now be taken; the trail hitters have been classified as they moved forward, and presumably the churches backing the crusade have been assigned their pro rata of converts. The ministerial leaders are now able to put the effectuality of the campaign to the test, and the next few weeks ought to show just what proportion of stick-to-itiveness the converts display. That is the proof of the pudding, as it were, and I am anxious to know the results. As to Billy, personally, he was a disappointment in one way and a glad surprise in another, to me. His vituperative "sermons" often shocked what sense of godliness I may claim to possess, but he didn't do nearly so much tossing about of Billingsgate as I had expected—to my glad relief.

The surprise came when I had the privilege of meeting him outside of his tabernacle—socially, to be frank—and to hear him talk in good company. In every respect he showed himself a polished, well educated, suave and agreeable gentleman, and nothing like the roaring hoodlum the general run suppose him to be. I looked, in this social assembly, to see Billy lambaste 'em good and plenty; shake his gory locks at 'em for their many sins; take 'em down the line for their frivolity, and damn them for their lack of spirituality. He did naught of the sort. He roared him as gently as any suckling dove, and his learned discourse about a fine book was quite in keeping with that book, its erudite writer, and his polished and select audience.

Besides, it was a rare literary treat, this talk of his, and well worth anyone's while. It made me glad that I had this sidelight



on his character; I feel that I am better acquainted with the real Sunday than perhaps are a lot of his closest supporters. That Billy makes a business of his religious campaign, I think is to his credit, and a good many stumbling, ill-run churches could copy him with good results. So much for that phase of it. The financial statements are not in yet and we don't know what it has cost to save our Angelic city, but I hope there's no deficit; the churches need all the funds they can raise, at best.

REMEMBER the days of the bustle? No, I don't mean the hurry up time, at all; no woman could hurry in those days. I refer to that period—I believe it was in the early 80's—when hoopskirts had faded, and crinoline was passe, but women did not yet have legs—publicly—and so they disguised 'em with a hump on their backs that would have made a ship of the desert turn tail and flee in envy. Go to the Library, ask for an antique copy of Godey's Ladies' Book—that's where I found 'em—and see what fair women did to themselves in that period of their existence. And then, when you read that "the bustle is coming back," sneak off up some dark alley, say what you have on your mind, and go home and tell your wife what a catastrophe is in view for her if Dame Fashion doesn't change her mind, or the cloth market isn't Hooverized. Also with it, let me query, are we to have the Grecian bend? Ask your grandmother, too, about that crime. Then pray for its passing!



PATRIOTIC PAGEANT AT SOUTH PASADENA

THE opening of "Columbia Calls", the Patriotic Pageant, an allegory of the entrance of the United States into the World War, will be given at Mrs. Billicke's South Pasadena residence under the auspices of the Belgian Society, on Nov. 10th. Julianne Johnston, with her nymphs, interprets "Pleasure" by a joyous, bacchanalian dance, expressed in the highest of aesthetic color. This is America's pleasure-seeking attitude at the beginning.

Columbia, played by Mrs. Samuel Brown Thomas, superb in white—contrasts sharply with "War" (Mr. George Reed). His grinning skull-mask, ominous, black garb, gory butcher's apron, head trophies that dangle from his belt, gauntlet dripping blood—bespeaks his horrible significance.

With the encounter of these two striking figures—"Pleasure" with "Peace", (Lillian Lorraine) are banished by War's gruesome attendants—"Suffering" and

takes up the sword in defense of "Principle" and appeals to the groups for help, who are too overcome to respond. The general feeling is expressed by gray formless beveled "Sorrow" dancers in a series of abject poses.

Then "Service" (Mrs. Barnes) clad in invincible blue of "Efficiency" and with head cowed, suggestive of the Sisters of "Mercy" comes reasoning and persuasive. "Red Cross", "Housewife", "College", "Society", "Farmer" and "Business Woman" alike fling aside their garb of inactivity, step forward to "Columbia", offering their various invaluable gifts. They are followed by "Mother" (Mrs. Muma) personifying the Motherhood of the United States who willingly gives the manhood of the Country; and Columbia, at war's beckoning, follows, surrounded and supported by the loyal womanhood of America.

Credit is to be given to Miss Meredith, the author and director; Miss Johnston who trained the ballet, and Ruth Ann Wilbur, who created the costumes and worked out the color harmony of the entire production. Miss Wilbur has tried to express the meaning of the allegorical characters in color.

A pageant of this character is particularly striking, particularly if presented by talent, and costumed appropriately. The care and attention taken in the staging and costuming of "Columbia Calls" would have done credit to professional taste and experience.

Few affairs of this kind have been so elaborately arranged, planned, and carried out.

The color effects and grouping are also wonderfully effective, and no pains were spared in this respect.

It will be an artistic and most truthfully rendered allegory, and one which will long and pleasantly be remembered by those who witness it. Miss Meredith and her assistants are to be congratulated by both spectators, and the participants in the drama, for their untiring efforts to make the pageant a success. In the various roles depicted, ranging from "grave to gay, from lively to severe", it would be invidious to select from the rehearsal presentations any one character for particular praise or comment. The ensemble will, perhaps, be the most outstanding feature of the presentation, the constant training and excellent team work making the pageant one which will progress smoothly and without a hitch. Keen interest is being manifested in the debut of this ambitious effort, and a most enjoyable and interesting time is anticipated.



"Hate"; who circle around in a characteristic dance, depicting the black deprivation and furious barbaric lust of "War".

In color sequence—the seven groups personify as many walks of life—turn in terrorized appeal to Columbia, who is being torn by conflicting convictions. It is at this point that France sings the Marseillaise and is joined by England, Russia, Italy, Servia and—Belgium—a pale little child in bedraggled rags. "Columbia" resolutely



WHY WOMEN SHOULD BE THEIR OWN CHAUFFEURS

By KATE A. HALL

"I WOULD buy one of those things if I could drive it," wistfully remarked Roberta, standing by the window and gazing out at the handsome, shining, dark blue car not a week out of the show room.

"Why couldn't you drive one?" asked a voice that came from the far side of the reading table.

"Oh, I couldn't, that's all."

It was about a year ago that the above dialogue was recorded. A few months later Roberta was still of the same mind, looking longingly at the comfortable-looking cars and regretting that her competence was not sufficiently large to pay a chauffeur's hire. But one warm, bright day last July the lady around the corner took her for a short spin in her new car. Sitting beside the driver and watching, with an entire absence of any feeling of responsibility, her easy, habitual, and seemingly untroubled manipulation of shifting lever, clutch, brakes and steering wheel, a vision of possibilities appeared to the eyes of Roberta and she came running up the steps, once more to address the figure at the reading table. "Really," she exclaimed, with eyes aflame, "I believe I could run one of those things!" And so she started out on a tour of automobile row and very soon became the proud owner and driver of "one of those things."

At the outset the woman who has just acquired a car finds that her attention is almost wholly absorbed by the necessity of properly performing the various functions of an operator. Constant deliberation is required. Every movement must be accompanied by thought lest disaster result, but in a very short time many of these movements become reflex. The foot disengages the clutch almost automatically whenever the hand reaches for the shifting lever and quite as naturally both feet go down together when a halt is contemplated. When this stage of experience has been reached the attention begins to center upon the mechanical complexities of the machine and a healthy curiosity as to its construction and the functions of its various parts begins to develop and grows apace as knowledge broadens and enthusiasm kindles. Knowledge is power, and every fact that unfolds itself clearly to the consciousness carries with it a potential element that will some day contribute to the control which mind has over matter.

Increased comprehension of the construction and operation of an automobile results naturally in increased skill in its handling and greater confidence in its responses. "It seems to be such a clumsy and dangerous thing," said the mother of a woman who was in the early stages of her driving experience but less than a year later her comment had changed to, "It is such a convenient, faithful and responsive thing," the later impression being created entirely by the altered manner of the driver.

Many women learn to drive cars for the pleasure of sometimes taking the wheel from husband, brother or father; or to acquire the measure of independence which ability to drive a car insures. But the greater number of women license-holders, without doubt, operate their cars because of necessity, which is to say that there are no men in their immediate families or that the latter are employed in town during the hours that they wish to use the machine. A family of seven contained but two men. One of these felt himself unfitted to drive by reason of age, and the other was engaged most of the waking hours. But the family does not walk for lack of a driver. One day when the question of purchasing a car was being discussed at table and each woman at the board was looking at every other woman present, the eldest daughter spoke up conclusively; "All right," said she, "I'll do the driving." And now she is an expert because, as she says, and every other woman operator will join her in chorusing, "What you have done again and again and again you finally come to do with ease."

"Did the demonstrator teach you all that you feel it is necessary to know about the car?" asked an interested guest of a woman who had recently bought an automobile. The question was an amusing one for most drivers of either sex, even after many months of operation, will acknowledge freely that they know very little of the inner workings of their machines. They are also aware that very little mechanical knowledge is necessary for the care of an automobile because, at every turn of the road, there are located garages and machine shops where adjustments and repairs are made by trained and skillful men, while every agency maintains a finely equipped service department which gives a large amount of attention courteously and without charge.

But any driver must know, and soon comes to know, certain symptoms of trouble, and to trace most of them more or less accurately to their source.

A brief experience at the wheel enables the operator to sense trouble not only by the aid of eyes and ears, but quite as much by the "feel" of the machine as it moves along under the guiding hand. If the operator is able to diagnose the trouble—to some degree at least—the subsequent course of action will be more intelligent, and it will at once be known whether or not there is any immediate necessity of steering for port.

Ignition troubles are sometimes puzzling, but those that do not at once reveal their causes can generally be narrowed down to their sources by a process of elimination. It requires no very finely trained ear to discover a "missing" cylinder, and the defective spark plug can be located very quickly after a very brief lesson from the machinist. Imperfect "mixtures" arouse the suspicion even of the novice and certain common disturbances traceable to the electrical system are in a class by themselves and are generally readily recognizable. For the aid of the operator in preventing many of the latter, the manufacturers place within constant view a readily understood dial which indicates or forewarns of damage to one or more units of the system. Friction in any part of the machine, or waste of loss of power makes itself felt quickly enough in the unusual or seemingly strange performances of the car. "It never did anything like that before," is a bromidic utterance of many slightly experienced drivers according to the testimony of a certain service station employe.

Women who operate their own cars gradually acquire a knowledge of them in exactly the same manner in which they acquire a knowledge of anything else—by observation, by experience, by the habits of listening and reading and by intelligently interrogating the more experienced and skillful. Cars are differently handled because their drivers are temperamentally different; but she who has a respect for the perfections of her home furnishings and other material possessions, will have a similar respect for her highly polished and marvelously constructed automobile. She will be quite as sensitive to any abuse of it through improper handling and care, as she would be to improper use of her mahogany tables and tapestried chairs, and will be as vigilant in the care of it. Anything like muscular exertion, however, is absolutely unnecessary in the proper care of a car. Many men send to the nearest garage for assistance in case of tire trouble, and that is the only practicable thing for a woman to do unless she is accompanied by a man who is accustomed to the necessary work. A small amount

of oiling can be done without effort, but periodical trips to the service station will keep any machine in proper trim and reduce the cares of the woman who drives it to a very gratifying minimum.

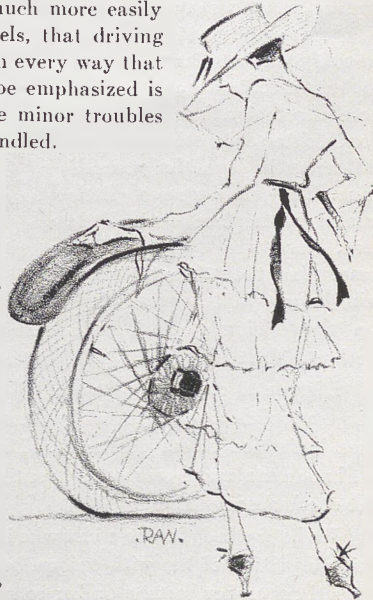
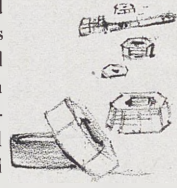
Roberta used to say that her family consisted of her Mother, her aunt, herself, and her dog. Now she adds, "and my automobile". Truth to tell, she has developed a pronounced affection for her car, which she so often says, "takes me anywhere I wish to go". And the personal care which the car requires from her is so very little. Every morning she looks it over, examines the tires for bits of glass, protruding tacks or any other particles of metal, or foreign matter which might later work into the tube, and removes all such menaces. She also occasionally finds a leaking valve. A glance at the ammeter will sometimes show the presence of trouble in the electrical system, and the need of water in the radiator, or oil in the crank case can be easily determined.

Cars of the present day are so much more easily operated than were the old-time models, that driving has become a much more simple task in every way that it formerly was. The chief point to be emphasized is the ease with which assistance for the minor troubles which develop on the road, may be handled.

Since women with the motors
Have taken keen to driving,
You can hear the men all say
"They're arriving, they're arriving."

When you see a smart machine
By a lady chauffeur "drove,"
You may murmur as they pass
"She's arrove, she's arrove."

And as the motors glide
By the gentler sex now driven,
There's a chorus in the air
"They've arriven, they've arriven."



KNOW THYSELF, SISTER!

By BECKY SHARP

THESE are dangerous times, sister. We tremble on the brink of self-exposure. Madame la Mode is laying pitfalls for our innocence along every route. Oh, it may be war time, the high cost of living may be searing our very souls, relief funds may be calling out for our generosity; but Madame la Mode, the conscienceless minx, has never been so gorgeous, so rampantly luxurious. Costly furs, rich silks and velvets—diamonds, diamonds, diamonds, sumptuous pendants and wrist watches, dazzling hair ornaments—everything that is rarest and most expensive is fashionable today. But your Becky is not going to lecture on the morality of the thing. Oh, no. It is not your extravagance that calls forth my note of warning. That is your affair.

But have a care, sister, have a care. It takes breeding, refinement, blue blood, adamant culture to wear rich and gorgeous apparel. Diamonds and ermine, silk, velvet and ostrich feathers—these are the ultimate test of feminine character. If you can wear an ermine cloak and a few thousand dollars worth of diamonds and still look a thoroughbred, believe me, you are unique among women. Nothing, positively nothing, forces under-breeding into more dangerous exposure than these costly luxuries. Many a dame who looks gentility and virtue personified in blue serge and Harris tweed, stands forth a brazen, vulgar hussy in ermine and diamonds. Many a maiden who can pass muster as refined youth in fresh linen and soft lawn, is exposed for a shoddy little baby-vampire in luxurious apparel. You see, the whole secret is to insure that one looks superior to one's clothes. It is absolutely fatal to allow one's clothes to exhibit their superiority over us. To be inferior to one's clothes—how pitiful an exposure it is.

I remember a famous actress who took the part of a modest little salvation lass on the stage. She looked the quintessence of sweetness and refinement. But off the stage she had other aspirations. She was particularly proud of a huge ermine coat, worth, I think, \$100,000. She would wear it at great public functions, she would wear it at the opera, she would be photographed in it for the picture postcards. And in it the whole expression of her face was different; every vulgar thought she had ever had stood out with fearful ostentation. And we smiled a little sadly—another sweet illusion dispelled. And of course, it seemed so reasonable for her to suppose she would look a great lady in that coat. It seemed so ridiculous that anxious mamas should draw their debutante daughters hastily away from a \$100,000 ermine coat! But they always did—and they always will.

And how cruel diamonds can be. Tradition has said that only mature women shall wear diamonds. Yet actually only the youngest, sweetest, most well-born maiden can safely wear them really. For diamonds show us up for what we are with remorseless cruelty. Near our face, where we always seem to think we must wear them, they outshine our eyes, and make our orbs look lustreless and grim. Oh, be sure that your eyes sparkle more effectually than your diamonds, sister dear, otherwise you will never be loved for yourself alone. They show up every little wrinkle in the face, every little tired, blase line, every ruthless crease in the throat, every chin, every blade, every little mean line around the mouth. One can never hide a selfish disposition while wearing diamonds—they shriek the horrid fact aloud that all may know.

Diamonds on ageing hands! Ever noticed them? Fancy any of us being so foolish as to deliberately attract attention to our hands—that recognized indication of our character. Diamonds cannot make hands beautiful, but hands can make diamonds beautiful. One has to be awfully sure which feat one is accomplishing.

We have a lady in our midst who is famed for her diamonds. I remember seeing a picture of her with one on her great toe. She revels in them. She wears them on her garters, on her corsets, on her shoes, in her hair, round her

neck, on her hands and arms, and at her waist. We have all seen her at the opera, so radiantly happy in those diamonds. But is there one of us who envies her? Is there? You know how we all feel as we crane our necks to see her.

Yet were she but dressed in quiet colors, in good broadcloth, in tailored reserve—if she could but be induced to turn those diamonds over to the government for the widows and orphans of the war, could she but be dressed as a man's ideal of his mother, we should have known her for a comfortable motherly person of sterling qualities. As it is she is at particular pains to prove the contrary. Nothing could do it so effectually as diamonds.

Not for nothing are we measured by our clothes. Taste in clothes is one of the best indications of character. We are told not to judge by appearances—but we always shall and for good reason. Don't you know all about the sort of clubwoman, for instance, that will wear ostrich feathers on her hat? So often the rest of her clothes are ordinary enough. But she just can't resist those ostrich feathers—that one little indicative streak. And oh, don't you know all about the woman who will continue to wear her hat perched on the top of her head, when all the rest of us are wearing them down low? Yes, we know her for a prig right away; an obstinate prig, at that.

Then there are those black beaver coachman hats. Don't take them on trust, sister. Married men brutally decline to walk abroad with wives in 'em. Unattached beaux have to be utterly enslaved before they will endure them with even a semblance of grace.

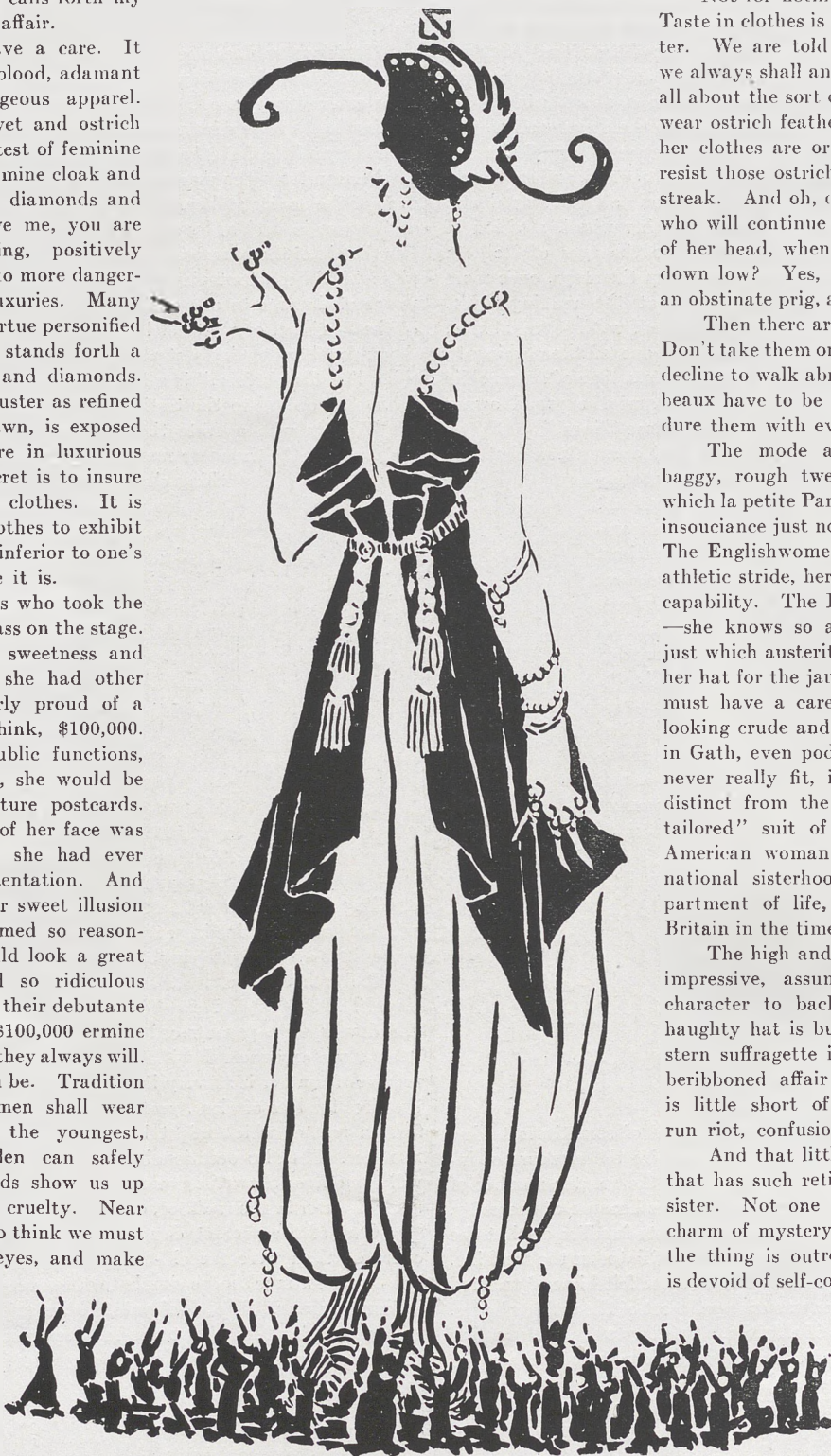
The mode a l'Anglaise, the mannish, slightly baggy, rough tweeds and uncompromising Norfolks, which la petite Parisienne is adopting with such cheerful insouciance just now is another pitfall for l'Americaine. The Englishwomen looks right in them with her long, athletic stride, her swinging carriage, her air of general capability. The Frenchwoman looks piquant in them—she knows so artfully just which lines to modify, just which austerity to omit, just which angle to swank her hat for the jaunty effect. But the American dame must have a care. She is apt to succeed in merely looking crude and unfeminine; bunchy, nay, tell it not in Gath, even podgy. Because the rough tweed must never really fit, it must be loose and roomy—quite distinct from the really delightfully feminine "man-tailored" suit of unimpeachable lines in which the American woman looks so well. So don't let international sisterhood encroach upon the sartorial department of life, unless your ancestors hailed from Britain in the time of Washington.

The high and haughty hat which is so seductively impressive, assumed hauteur demands some innate character to back it. The gentle vine-clinger in a haughty hat is but one degree less alarming than the stern suffragette in a coy shepherdess beflowered and beribboned affair with flying streamers. The latter is little short of a sartorial debacle—incompability run riot, confusion worse confounded.

And that little matter of the naked evening dress that has such retiring aspirations. Oh, do be careful, sister. Not one carcass in a thousand can omit the charm of mystery. One iota of self-consciousness and the thing is outre, brazen, cheap. And which of us is devoid of self-consciousness? To flaunt one's charms with eclat and poise, one must be so very sublimely confident in the charms. And Mother Nature has been niggardly. Revelation must be so discriminating. Exposure is always an indiscretion that requires the utmost tact. A woman that will voluntarily expose imperfect charms will expose anything. There is no saving grace of reticence in her.

The woman who likes to be ahead of the fashions, and the woman who adopts them only just as they are going out, are both equally hard to live with. The woman who anticipates the fashions obviously has little else to interest her but clothes. The woman who hangs back until the last moment, but is not strong minded enough to keep on hanging back to prove her rectitude of opinion, has that fatal strength of weakness—and the tyranny of weakness is the worst tyranny in the world.

*"In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic if too new or old;
Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Be not the last to lay the old aside."*



NOTES AND HALF-NOTES

By. W. FRANCIS GATES

THE success in America of Maggie Teyte, the British soprano, who heads the list of artists in the La Scala Opera Company, has brought out the romantic story of her start in life. When a slip of a girl she was a street singer in London and one afternoon when the air was obscured by fog she was singing in the banking district. Her fresh, clear voice attracted a crowd of hurrying messengers and clerks, and presently a window above an iron railing was opened. Walter Rubens, one of the richest bankers in London, and a patron of music, called his colleagues to the window, and as soon as Miss Teyte finished her song she was invited into the private office of this bank and was asked to sing again.

Within a few days she was under the care of Mrs. Rubens, the banker's wife, who lives in a mansion overlooking Kensington Gardens. The Rubens family pledged themselves to give her the best musical instruction, and she was sent to Paris and tested before Jean de Reszke. He replied to the English family favorably and predicted a fine career for her. His prophecy was verified, because after four years of arduous study Miss Teyte sang at the Opera Comique in Paris, and ever since she has been a favorite with French audiences, as well as English and American.

MISS Teyte is announced in the La Scala season, at the Auditorium beginning Nov. 12, for Mimi, in *La Boheme*, Mme. Butterfly and Marguerite, in *Faust*; Ester Ferrabini, who formerly was a second soprano in the Lombardi company, is to sing Carmen, Floria, in *La Tosca*, Thais and Santuzza, in *Cavalleria* Nina Morgana, coloratura soprano, takes the roles of Gilda in *Rigoletto* and *Lucia*. Paola Bartoluzzi and Viola Robinson are new names here. The tenors are Pulito Sinagra, Giuseppe Gaudenza and Andre Arensen. The baritones are Messrs. Valle, Viglione, and Forues, and the Bass is Italo Picchi. Of these Gaudenza and Picchi have sung in Los Angeles with much success in other companies, and the press comments from the northern part of the coast, where the company has been singing, speak highly of several of the singers who are new to Los Angeles.

The repertoire is such as the public wants, as judged by what has drawn the best houses in the past. Mr. Behymer is not taking any chances on the production of rarer works—not in this year of taxes and bonds.

IT IS strange that so good a dramatic as Jeanne Jomelli is not in one of the strong opera organizations like the Boston, the Chicago or the San Carlo company. At her recital at Trinity on a recent Saturday opening the Philharmonic matinee series, this able artist pleased a moderately sized audience with a beautifully delivered programme. That she this year is "the French soprano" whereas a few years ago she was "the Dutch soprano" matters not—national lines are shifting rapidly these days, and so long as the U. S. is no longer neutral, of course her concert artists can not be neutral. Half of the Jomelli programme was in English, so the programme stated, the other groups being French and Italian. After a while we may become sufficiently conceited about English language to translate more song words into English and give whole programmes in our native tongue. But alas! then we are confronted with the fact that only one singer in a thousand can enunciate English sufficiently clearly to be understood. Jomelli complimented three local composers in the use of their songs, Charles Wakefield Cadman, Gertrude Ross and Grace Freebey and extra applause was awarded these numbers.

IT WAS an audience of rather light proportions, from a Philharmonic course standpoint, that greeted the Cherniavsky trio, at Trinity auditorium last week. But the distinct virtuosity of the various members of the trio received

ample recognition. Only one ensemble number was presented, a Gretchianow trio, at the close. This work was a novelty to Los Angeles and one which would take several hearings to fully appreciate—which is in the nature of a compliment as easily grasped compositions generally don't have much to grasp. The Boellmann Symphonic variations for cello opened the programme and it was least satisfactory of the list, from the lingeringly sentimental presentation it was given by Mischa Cherniavsky. He was much better in a sprightly encore number. The pianist was awarded first honors on the trio's first appearance here two years ago, but this season the palm must go to the violinist, Leo, whose playing of the Paganini-Wilhelmj concerto marked him a technician of very high rank. At the second concert of the trio, Saturday afternoon, the bill included a Mendelssohn trio, op. 66, and three shorter trios, by Korsakow, Boisdeffre and Dvorak. The Bruch concerto was the violin number and the piano showed loyalty to Chopin. In spite of the somewhat erratic tempi of the trio, the fact that they play in perfect unity of understanding is a delightful feature. As in every

trio of which the piano is a member, that instrument dominates the ensemble in a way that is far from pleasing. A harpsichord would be more satisfactory with only two stringed instruments.

THERE is enough difference in pianists ideas as to touch, technique and interpretation to offer a large opportunity to those who would vent their opinions. This has been shown again by Harriette Brower who in her second volume of "Piano Mastery" has followed the plan used in her first volume of that name. In this book of "Talks with Master Pianists and teachers" she presents the ideas of twenty-five pianists of more or less fame, largely in the form of interviews which have appeared in *The Musician*, *Musical America* and the *Musical Observer*. In this second volume, there are presented chapters from a number of young pianists, and earnest students of the piano art will be glad to read the ideas of Percy Grainger, Arthur Shattuck, Leo Ornstein, Mischa Levitski and Yolande Mero, as well as the artists who have been longer in the public eye, such as Josef Hofman, Leopold Godowsky, A. K. Virgil, Mrs. Edward MacDowell, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, H. H. Huss, and Kate S. Chittenden—not to mention all the contributors. Such a book is for the teacher and the advanced student, rather than for the younger pupil. To the latter, it gives such a disturbance of various ideas that a mental and musical indigestion might ensue; but for the person who can discriminate as to what is applicable to his own particular case, to the one who is ready to accept or reject, the book, as also the first volume, is a valuable musical asset. It is published by the F. A. Stokes Company, N. Y.



MAGGIE TEYTE

Guest Artist La Scala Grand Opera Co. Clune's Auditorium, two weeks, commencing November 12th

NEXT Monday evening at Clune's Auditorium, the two weeks of popular priced grand opera promised by the La Scala Company will begin. The La Scala will probably prove well balanced as to principals, chorus and orchestra. There are three prima donnas, Maggie Teyte, the English star who was last heard here with the Rabinoff Company, will be 'guest star' singing in the operas to which she is most admirably adapted—"Mme Butterfly," "Faust" and "La Boheme". Ester Ferrabini, the young Italian dramatic soprano, sang here eight years ago, and will be heard in "La Tosca," "Thais" and "Carmen." Nina Morgana, the coloratura soprano, has a brilliant, bird-like voice and petite figure—she balances the scale at one hundred pounds—making her a most appealing Gilda in "Rigoletto" and Lucia in the opera of that name. It has been many years since these have been of a size adapted to the story. Of the other members of the Company there is first and foremost Chev. Fulgenzio Guerrieri, the conductor, who, like Campanini and Toscanini, scorns to use a score for any performance. He will have an orchestra

(Continued on page 28)

KENNEL COMMENT

By R. C. HALSTED

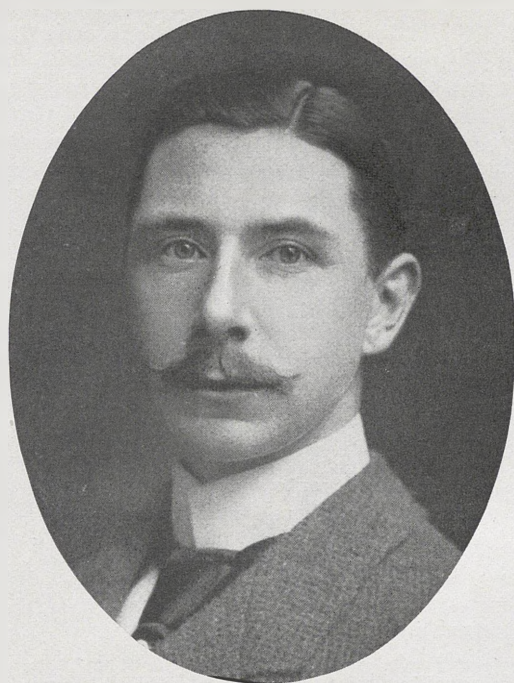


O. F. VEDDER

THE Inaugural Dog Show of the Los Angeles Kennel Club will take place on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, November 15th, 16th and 17th at South Main and Fourteenth Streets. About four hundred dogs have been listed for entrance to the show, which makes it the largest Coast Show since the opening of the war. An elaborate trophy list, never equalled in the west, will delight the eyes of exhibitors for there are many hundreds of dollars worth of precious metals in the prizes to be awarded. Chas. G. Hopton Esq., of New York City, who will judge all classes,

of the city's business.

The remedy proposed to correct the conditions in the humane animal work of the city, is the outgrowth of the efforts of the Los Angeles Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which organization has caused the drafting of the ordinance soon to be submitted to the voters of this city. This is one of the oldest anti-cruelty societies in America, having had an active and continuous existence in this city for forty years. Among the Advisory Board of this Society are the following representative citizens of Los Angeles: I. H. Hellman, E. R. Wer-



CHAS. G. HOPTON

will arrive in Los Angeles on the opening day of the show.

The building selected for the event is a little bit out of the cut flower district, but for comfort and convenience it cannot be excelled. The secretary-treasurer and superintendent is the editor of this department and may be reached at 1009 Security Bldg. Telephone Main 547.

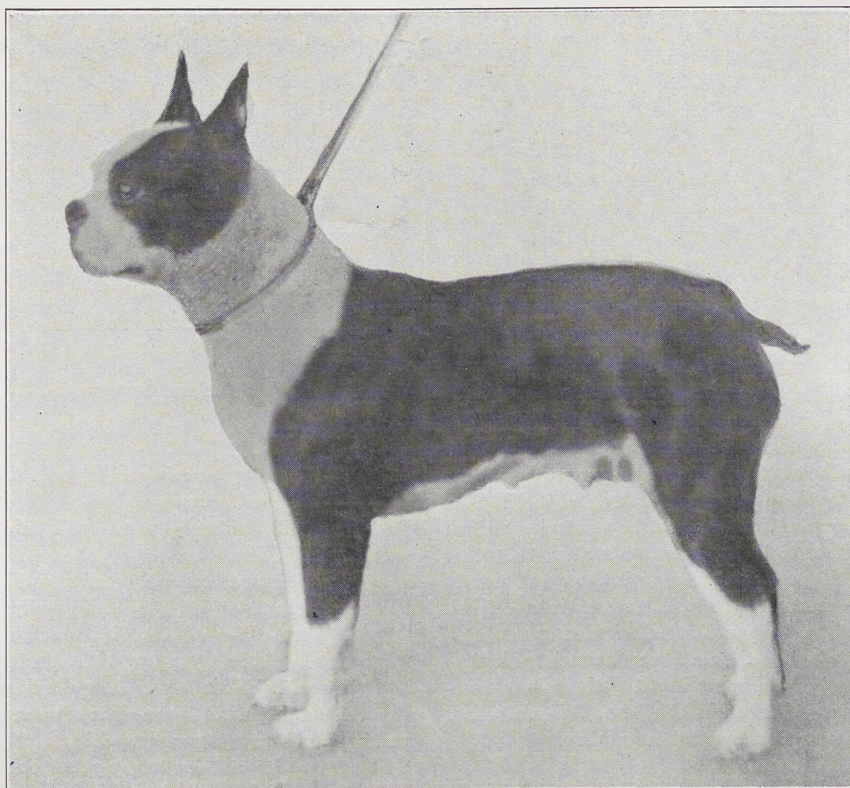
ALL dog owners in Los Angeles are more or less interested in the work the city is legally empowered to supervise in connection with the collection of dog licenses, and the care and humane protection of animals, and maintenance of a Pound for lost, strayed or unlicensed dogs or other animals. Dog lovers are especially concerned that everything pertaining to the latter institution shall be conducted in an orderly and humane way. As dogs furnish the chief revenue to maintain this feature of the city government, it may be out of place in this department of *THE GRAPHIC* to briefly refer to a proposed initiative ordinance which is to be voted on at the coming city election November 10, and which if adopted will supplant the present inadequate system now employed by the city and inaugurate more economical methods.

For several years this work in Los Angeles has been under the supervision of a Humane Animal Commission, composed of five members, appointed by the Mayor and subject to confirmation by the City Council. A few years ago the then Mayor of the city, in response to public demand, removed every member of the Commission, and among other statements accusing them of unfitness, he publicly declared that frequently periods of four to six months elapsed between meetings of the Commission. Recently, in obedience to petitions, asking for the abolition of the Commission, the city council delayed action for six months, thus virtually placing this body on probation for that length of time. This action followed a report of the city Efficiency Commission which after investigation, made a recommendation that in the interest of efficiency and economy the Humane Animal Commission should be abolished. The troubles as to the Commission are not so much the faults of individuals as inherent and inseparable with the system itself. As constituted, direct authority or responsibility is vested in no one official, thus leading to confusion of effort and waste of time, and resulting in a demoralized condition such as has ever characterized in the administration of this branch

Under the proposed ordinance a single Commissioner is to be appointed, to whom will be delegated full power and authority to organize the entire humane animal work of the city, and that he may be an individual interested in, and trained by experience for the task required, it is obligatory that this Commissioner shall be appointed from the official staff of an anti-cruelty to Animals Society. It is believed with full responsibility centered in such an official, backed by a powerful society—an active, forceful organization can be created that will not only do the work more efficiently and more humanely, but it will take the whole matter out of politics and at the same time largely increase the city's revenue. It is surely worth a trial, if only from the fact that it strongly advocated by those best qualified by experience to judge the real merits of the situation, both from a humanitarian as well as from a practical business standpoint.

Mr. B. W. Thompson, manager of the Hotel Van Nuys, has been invited to judge the French and English Bulls at the bench show of the San Francisco Kennel Club.

It is to be expected that in the successful prosecution of a project of this nature, much hard work, and enthusiastic co-operation is indispensable to success. All aid extended to the Commissioner by those who take an interest in the plan will be duly appreciated. It is not expected that radical and immediate results for the better will be attained in a few months. The hope is, rather, that a solid foundation may be laid, in the beginning for permanent reform and upbuilding in the matter. This will mean work, and steady and faithful work, carried out along the lines indicated.



Mrs. F. M. Tryon's Boogy Man—A. K. C. 232582

MOTOR NOTES

By LEW HEAD

THE Annual Automobile Show to be given in Los Angeles from November 12th to November 17th inclusive will be a revelation in the number of cars exhibited, the novelties shown, and the vast extent of the business as evidenced by the amount of capital invested and the tremendous advance in the importance of the automobile in the commercial and social world. Only those who are familiar with the shows given by Los Angeles motor men can grasp the vital part played in modern life by the automobile. Standards grow higher each year; improvements are being made continually; art vies with comfort, and it is safe to say that never in the world's history has traveling been made so luxurious, so comfortable and, comparatively speaking, so safe. The following is the list of cars to be placed on exhibit at the Show.

HAROLD L. ARNOLD—East Tent 36—Hudson & Dodge, Hudson.

One super six touring limousine, one touring car, one standard limousine. One four passenger speedster, white with satin finish with all metal parts heavily nicked; special Victoria top, white leather lined with delicate French blue. Top of French velvet with seat covers of same material. Red wire wheels—the combination being the national colors.

One seven passenger phaeton, semi-victoria top, three toned brown of

Four passenger roadster, semi-victoria top, white body and wheels, blue fenders.

Standard sedan, with body and fenders strong wine, upper portion gun metal gray.

Coupe, standard, except cream wire wheels.

Special four passenger body, victoria top lined with chiffon velvet, upholstered in deep sea blue leather, wire wheels, body finished in Hungarian blue.

Standard touring car, special side and rear curtains, top lined with brown whipcord cloth.

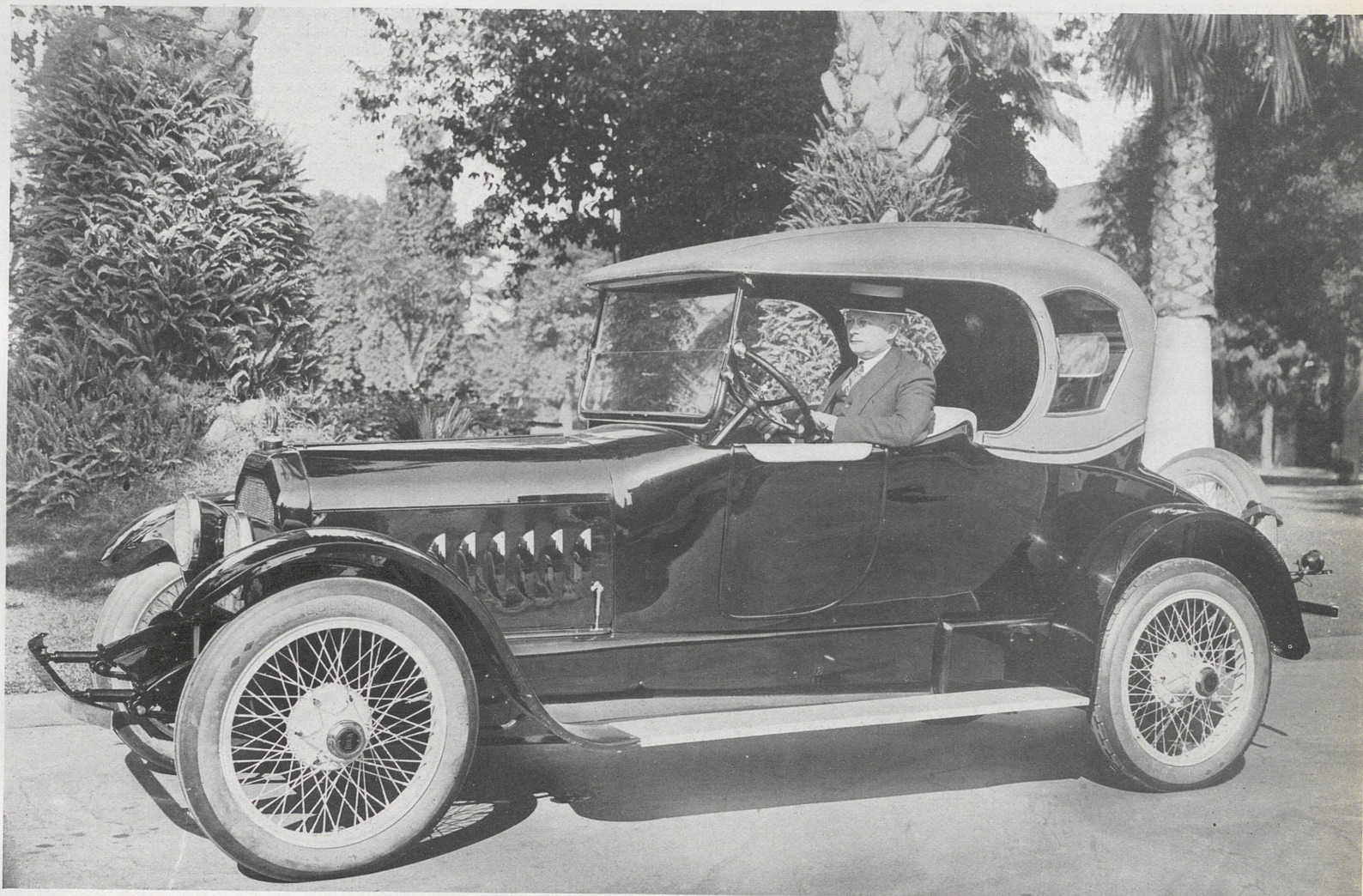
Special sport model, semi-victoria top of gray leather, gray wire wheels, body in coach blue.

J. V. BALDWIN MOTOR CO.—Tabernacle 21—Saxon and Mitchell.

Mitchell six cylinder, seven passenger touring car, drab gray body, red wire wheels, special brown permanent top, upholstered in red leather.

Five passenger club roadster, body in efficiency blue, white wire wheels, permanent top, upholstered in blue.

Three passenger roadster, elephant gray body, fellow running gear and wheels, gray permanent top, lined and upholstered in mulberry velour.



A. M. Young, sales manager, of Smith Brothers, at wheel of new Peerless roadster

French velvet, with seat covers of same material. Body painted battle brown.

One victoria coupe, standard model, finished in brown cloth upholstery.

ANDERSON ELECTRIC CAR CO.—East Tent 47—Detroit Electric.

Dual drive brougham finished in Brewster green with white wire wheels. Rear drive, four passenger, finished in Brewster green, red wire wheels, red striping and upholstered in light tan whipcord.

Rear drive four passenger brougham, finished in light blue, upholstered in gray whipcord and blue checking.

Rear drive, four passenger, light weight brougham finished in gray green with red striping, gray whipcord upholstery.

Roadster coupe, Springfield convertible body—finished in blue, whipcord, white wire wheels.

APPERSON MOTOR CAR CO.—East Tent 44—Apperson Cars.

Eight cylinder, seven passenger touring car, body submarine gray, gray semi-victoria top, plate glass windows, gray mohair seat covers and top lining.

Eight cylinder, chummy roadster in wine color, bright black semi-victoria top, beaver gray velvet lining and seat covers.

Six cylinder, seven passenger touring car in Brunswick green and ivory striping, standard top, plate glass in rear curtain.

Six cylinder chummy roadster in Brunswick green with bright red striping and red wheels.

EARL V. ARMSTRONG, INC.—Tabernacle 31—Chandler Six.

Show chassis, two passenger speedster, dark red, wire wheels, standard town car.

Five passenger Junior, English vermillion body, white wire wheels, special top.

Junior club roadster, five passenger, standard except half inch red stripe around body, red wire wheels.

Four passenger coupe, body in Rolls Royce blue, blue upholstery.

Two passenger Junior roadster, standard.

Five passenger club sedan, standard.

Junior sedan, five passenger, standard.

Junior three passenger coupe, standard.

WALTER M. BROWN—Tabernacle 34—Stutz.

Seven passenger touring car, sixteen valve motor, four cylinder; Stutz maroon body, brown Spanish leather upholstery.

Four passenger touring car, four cylinder, Stutz red body, Spanish leather upholstery.

Two passenger roadster, sixteen valve motor, four cylinder; Stutz gray body, Spanish brown leather upholstery.

WILLIAM E. BUSH—Tabernacle 26—Pierce Arrow.

Seven passenger touring car, painted Pierce-Arrow standard blue, leather upholstery.

Brougham, painted Pierce-Arrow standard blue, leather upholstered.

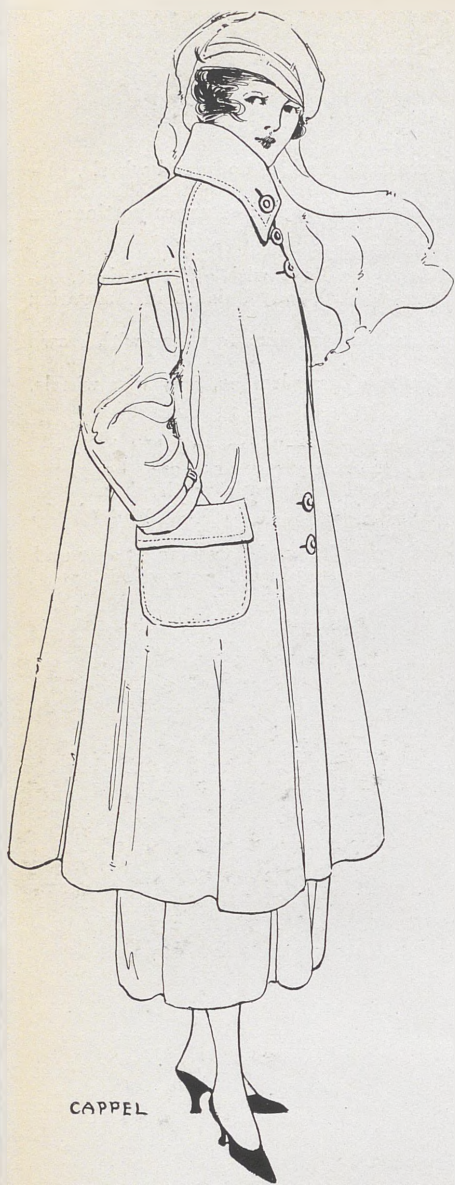
Four passenger roadster, painted olive green, leather upholstered.

W. J. BURT MOTOR CAR CO.—Tabernacle 15—Auburn Six Cylinder.

Seven passenger touring car, painted dark red with black and carmine stripe, black fenders, semi-victoria top.

Sedan, blue body, standard.

NEW MODES DESCRIBED



CAPPEL

Motorish, mannish, yet not masculine is this smart leather coat. Though defying wind and weather, it abates no jot of feminine charm—out with the right hand, there! Starting at Harris & Frank's.

HOW shall we appear, I wonder, when we have adopted porcine pets and are seen to meander along fashionable thoroughfares leading, or being led by a nice, fat, handsomely blanketed and harnessed pig?

We shall surely come to this, if Fashion so decrees.

A writer recently declared, following to the farthest pendulum swing a suggestion by Mr. Hoover, that pigs are as reasonable for pets as dogs or cats, even in the city. So willingly, so eagerly, have women adopted every Hoover hint, that—provided city ordinances can be abrogated we may fairly apprehend a craze for piggish pets.

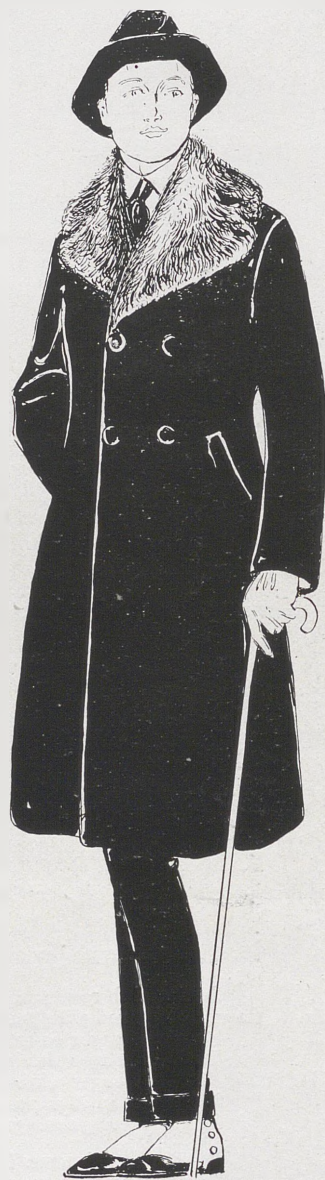
I thought of this as I admired a handsomely clad woman—all in black and white, with a black-and-white spotted dog upon a leash. I am not well versed in porkish lore, but I am aware that there are pigs of that popular blondish tint called politely "Titian red"; and think, oh think how delightfully these pigs would go with the Titian hair which many women now are wearing! The black pigs could be fitted—upholstered shall we say?—with white. White blankets, white leather harnesses and halters. The white pigs—if white pigs still grow—could be done in black accessories.

There is another side to this question which may not have been discerned when the suggestion of pigs for pets was made. It might eliminate the taste for bacon, ham and even the side-partner of baked beans! What feminine heart so adamant as to wish to serve, steaming hot for breakfast, the erstwhile family pet? Perhaps Mr. Hoover thought of this—

far sighted that he is, and it may be his insidious way of conserving our pork products. Invoking Fashion's aid, making pig pets fashionable and the contrary de mode. For, as I have remarked before and shall remark again and yet again: Fashion can do anything.

For sometime, Fashion has made it fashionable to wear old clothes; to go down-at-the-heel, to look shabby and to declare against new gowns and hats. Women—and especially in Los Angeles—have indulged in an orgy of clothes parsimony; or rather have mis-read the term economy. The dictionary definition of "economy" is not deprivation but "carefulness in outlay". Economy no more means saving money than it means spending money. It means the "administration" of it. How many of us have thought economy to mean the cessation of all expenditure?

At both ends of the line, such ces-



"Sharp curve!" That's the waist line. "Beware! Danger!" Danger that you'll buy before you've even started to look around. "On the high"—the very highest mode, in fact, is the beaver collar of the ultra modish ulster shown in Desmond's booth of motor togs at the Automobile Show.

sation works a hardship. First, if you or I or she continue to wear the old frock or suit which should be handed on to the less fortunate, we have deprived someone of her rights. Then, when all of us cease the legitimate purchase of clothes,

we shall have upset all business, and through that disturbance, shall have disintegrated the fabric of society. When the wheels of business stop, idleness, poverty and crime fill the gap.

But Fashion—whimsical person that she is—and bless her! does not hold long to a straight and narrow way. She has tired of over-economy. She began to see, to hear—possibly from her San Francisco friends that Los Angeles women were looking shabby, and she has turned away her face from the old-clothes regime. Her self-respect could not long endure the run-down heel, the frowsy hat, the many-times cleaned glove. Temptation came along our handsome thoroughfares—down Broadway, up Seventh Street—offering such delightful feminine wares, that she was glad to yield; and since such yielding takes the form of sane, logical beneficence, in holding commerce level, in keeping business as usual, why should she not pursue the path which leads to the greatest happiness for the greatest number; which is and has ever been the avowed purpose of our Government?

Celebrating the backward—or forward swing of Fashion's pendulum in the revival of good attire, the forthcoming Automobile Show opening November twelfth, will be the occasion of much sartorial display.

At least one of the downtown houses will make a special exhibition of motor-clothes, at the coming Automobile



Clandestine midnight dark, alluring eyes peeping depths of shadowy veils, jockeyish hat, whose pink the midnight blueness of Motoring in broad daylight chic, is the habit of this in tete de negre. Braided white, the latest, quaintest turban tells of Fashion's ood for the motor start—they

Show. Desmond's will garments and automoto in an artistic booth. seen there, those sketches will attract attention coat for men is either skin, or of wool mixture notion takes it to be one for it is reversible. I



Demure, beguiling, this miss's motor coat of silvery wool velours, with its quaint companion hat of light gray beaver cloth, almost innocent of trimming, glides into your affections as silently as an electric limousine—shall we say an Owen Magnetic—moves along a boulevard. Waiting to be charged at Bullock's.



These middy suits for of the mid-ship mind, ha recently—in the boys' shop

CRIED—By Violette Ray



sleeve, the cape collar and the officers' belt, which mark the height of fashion in men's motoring coats. It's vis a vis is a smart ulster, of Oxford gray, in Vicuna weave. The slash pockets, on a slant, the incurving waist, the collar of beaver fur: all are the final expression of the mode in mens' coating features. The hat, with extra width of brim, the Balmacaan, silk stitched all over, are equally authentic in masculine headware.

Nothing could be smarter in women's motor coats than the one of silvery gray suede, sketched at Robinson's. The high collar, snugly held in place by strap and suede covered buckle, the sleeves as snugly belted into place, the normal waist similarly defined—all proclaim this coat's practical weather proofness. Its inner secret of utmost luxuriousness is revealed by the lining of pussy-willow taffeta in an inspiring hydrangea shade, mooned in rose and black. The hat which is its pilot is of fine French felt also in silvery gray, with brim turreted in points of midnight blue taffeta, outlined in silk soutache. The gray Georgette veil is picot edged and to it is appended a hem as wide as the veil itself, but in midnight blue like the turret brim. Tiny ornaments of soutache hold the veil in place, so smoothly as to give an almost austere effect.

The gray and the blue meet and fraternise in the Misses coat sketched at Bullock's. The military cape, lined with army blue, offsets the cadet gray in soft wool velour which composes the

coat itself, and the blue peeps out from lining of the high military collar and the belt, and is glimpsed in the lining of the skirt. Blue, also, are the buttons and blue the woven fringe upon the girdle ends, which cluster into silken balls. The demure, girlish turban is of gray beaver cloth, trimmed simply with a gray moire ribbon, fastened upon either side through a buckle of crocheted silken cord.

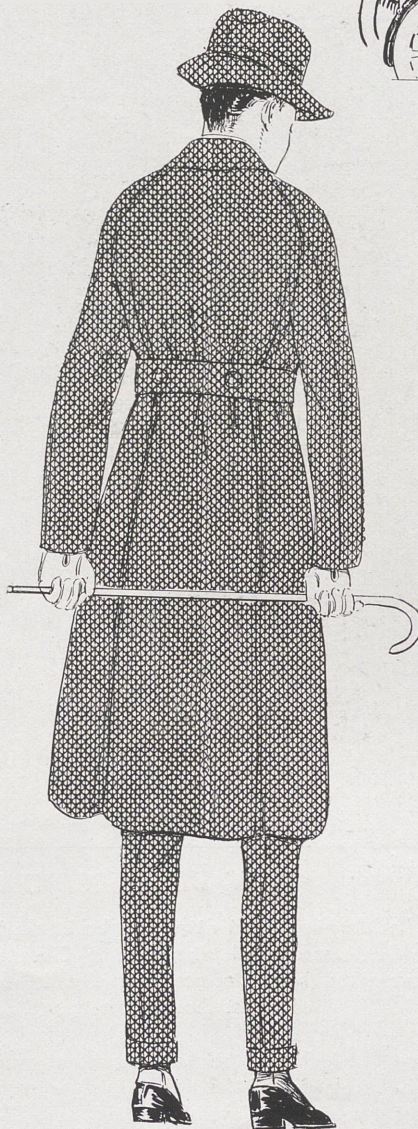
"Cadillac" is a sturdy name for a motor car, and for a motor coat as well, if it be like the one that we found at Harris & Frank's. Leather color and leather in fact, this generously inclined coat has an ample sweep and owns to that extreme dash which one associates with the best of motoring attire. Wind, rain and cold may strive in vain to penetrate its protecting folds, and the girl snuggled into its depths will reach her journey's end unharmed of frock and as cosy as if beside her own hearthstone. There's mannish inde-



"Honk! Honk!" Make way for this stunning coat of muskrat skins, with its deeply pointed border, cuffs extremely broad and collar so extensive as to nearly be a cape. Other features Colburn-esque—inspection will disclose.

night motor rides, with peeping from out cloudy veils, are hinted by the se pink orchid tint bellies of its duenna veil. daylight, just to show its of this suede crowned hat. Braided cloth of snowy ain'test fad, is the way this on's oddest whim. Ready—they are all at Collin's.

s will display handsome automobile accessories, both. Among the coats sketched by our artist mention. The leather either of French calf-mixture in green, as the be one side out or other, le. It has the raglan



A man's coat as changeable as if of feminine intent, is this clever overcoat from Desmond's. First it is a French calf-skin coat; then by quick reverse it becomes a coat of wool, equally available. Emergency brakes, second gear—off, on!

simulating that decreed for big brother in the navy, the chevron upon one sleeve, the emblem upon the white serge shield—all are truly naval. The wide range of colors—Nile, forest green, tobacco brown, tan, light blue and navy—permit the expression of individual taste. The knee trousers are perfectly straight and have pearl buttons up one side. They have just cast anchor at Mullen & Bluett's.

The motor girl who seeks to charm—even while she guides her car—owns to the lure of Collins. If she be a dark-eyed one, she may elect to own the jockeyish cap of duvetyn, in an orchid pink. The harem veil, of Georgette crepe in midnight blue, suggests clandestine destinations—under chaperonage, of course! The bellows crown of suede in *tete de negre*, the *tete velvet* brim, and above all, the moire butterfly bow, perking out in front, make the third Collins hat one to go to almost any head—intoxically! The unassuming turban of hand braided white cloth, is not so modest as it seems to be, since it frankly owns itself for *le dernier cri* in hats.

Madame la Mode has gone fur mad, and furs justify themselves by beauty and warmth. Nowhere are furs more logical than in the realm of motor coats. No fur more cleverly lends itself to manipulation than does the skin of muskrats. Witness the broad, pointed band along the lower edge of the pictured Colburn motor coat—the stripes upon the cuffs, the happily formed collar—all of the musk fur. This coat is lined throughout with pussy-willow taffeta in a harmony of tints—a final touch of comfort for milady's motoring.

s for little men who are and, have made port very shop at Mullen & Bluett's.

On the high—yes, super-high—along El Camino Real, comes this Peerless coat! Of gray suede-skin, pliant as milady's glove, a full hand in motor numbers—11199—aces up, it carries a double license. One is for the smart hat and veil. Sartorially garaged at Robinson's.

pendence, too, in owning such a coat. Boyishness and daintiness combine in those suits of soft finished flannel, which are built upon the lines of sea attire for little men. The middy blouse, with its sailor tie and its white cord

THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

IT seems scarcely a twelvemonth ago that society's chief interest centered around tea parties, dances, luncheons and brilliant receptions, while the paramount event among the members of the younger set was the formal debut of a coterie of charming buds, and the aftermath of delightful entertaining. This season the shadow of a great world struggle, into which so many of our boys have already gone, precludes such gaieties, and while there will be as many attractive debutantes this winter as formerly, they will make their formal bows without the glamour of resplendent social functions, and instead of the merry round of teas and dinners, these young girls will bend their pretty shoulders to the more serious duties which society has so cheerfully and patriotically accepted as its part. In fact these sub-debs are even now deeply engrossed in Red Cross work and other similar interests. Miss Margaret Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Johnson, Jr., of Los Angeles, one of the most attractive among the younger set, whose formal debut was to have been an event of this season, has already dedicated her time to patriotic endeavors. She is busily engaged in carrying on the work of the Junior Patriotic League, having been deputized by the organization to aid in the forming of similar leagues among the girls in the various schools and colleges of Southern California. Miss Doris Collins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Burton V. Collins, president of the Junior Patriotic League, is another of the popular young girls who will forego the usual debutante pleasures for more serious interests. And incidentally, while on the subject, it is quite interesting to note that the debutantes of a season ago, excepting the one or two who are now happy young matrons, are entering business fields in their eagerness to qualify themselves with a practical knowledge that later, should the war prove of indefinite duration, will be of incalculable value. Miss Laura McVay, daughter of the W. E. McVays of Los Angeles, her father being one of the city's most prominent bankers, has entered an insurance office to master the technical training of that line of business. Miss Marjorie Botsford, daughter of Miss Monimia Laux Botsford, the well known composer, has also taken up that particular branch of business training, having entered her brother's insurance office, and Miss Lillian Van Dyke is taking a course at a business college. Those two attractive Dockweiler girls—Rosario and Mary—were among the first of the younger set to decide upon a career more serious than that centered round debutante dances and teas. In fact they made their formal bow to society last season with the bevy of other buds, only after having first planned to forego the event for a year's study at the University of Southern California. This year one of these two sisters is busily engaged in her art studies, while the other is taking a business course. Miss Dorothy Lindley, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Walter Lindley, of Los Angeles, is still absorbed in her nurse's training course, planning possibly to follow in the footsteps of Miss Emmeline Childs, daughter of the O. W. Childs, who is expected to sail soon for France, where she will go in company with Madame Viseul, directress of the French Hospital at Champagne, to serve as a Red Cross nurse. Then there is another charming young Los Angelen, Miss Inez

Clark, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Clark, who after dint of garnering useful knowledge, will leave soon for France. Miss Clark will leave with Dr. J. J. A. Van Kaathoven, head of the army base hospital. For a number of months this popular society girl has been engaged in Red Cross work, and she has also completed a business course, and will make the trip into the war zone of France as clerk and stenographer to the military base hospital. Miss Theo Burnett, sister of Mrs. Harry Coburn Turner, is also preparing to leave soon for Europe on a patriotic mission. She will go into France with Dr. Rea Smith's unit of Red Cross nurses.



Hoover Studio

MISS BERENICE DAWSON

One of Los Angeles' most attractive brides-elect, whose marriage to Mr. N. Percival Gordonwood will take place in Chicago later in the month. Both Miss Dawson and her fiancé are fond of riding and it was upon this mutual interest that their romance developed.

One of the most important events on society's calendar of the season was the marriage Thursday morning, November 8, of Miss Helen Pendleton Jones, the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Carlos Jones of West Twenty-eighth St., Los Angeles, and Lieutenant Robert Gephart Meyler, son of the late Captain James J. Meyler and Mrs. Meyler of Los Angeles. Because of the groom's being called to the front, the wedding took place at the home of the bride, instead of, as was originally planned, at St. John's Church. The Right Rev. Bishop H. Johnson performed the ceremony, assisted by the Rector, Rev. George Davidson, and only the immediate members of the families, together with the bridal attendants were present.

The bride-to-be wore a girlish bridal gown of white tulle, and her veil was caught to her head with orange blossoms. She was given in marriage by her father. The bride elect has always been one of the favorites in the younger social set. She is a graduate of the Girl's Collegiate school and is a talented musician, having composed a number of works. Lieutenant Meyler graduated from Cornell University and later was instructor there in engineering. Miss Jones had intended having the wedding ceremony performed on Saturday, November 10th, this being the wedding anniversary of her intimate friend, Mrs. Sayre Macneil, but Lieutenant Meyler's sudden call to Washington prevented this charming denouement. Miss Albertine Pendleton, cousin of the bride-elect, was the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Eleanor MacGowan, and Baroness Vera de Ropp. Mr. Sayre Macneil attended on Lieutenant Meyler as best man, and the bride was given in marriage by her father, Dr. Bernard Smith. Mr. Field Staunton, Mr. Clinton Judy and Mr. Francis Graves were the ushers, and a harp and string orchestra furnished the music for the event.

Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Park and their two charming daughters, the Misses Elizabeth and Nancy Park, of Montecito, have sailed for Paris, France, where Dr. Park goes with the patriotic intention of devoting at least \$100,000 a year to hospital work. Among other prominent Santa Barbara and Montecito folk who have temporarily deserted their homes there for a bit of travel is Mrs. Fiske Hammond, who has closed her beautiful home—Bonnymede—at Montecito for the winter, coming to Los Angeles in order to be near her son, Gardiner Hammond, who has become associated with the Wright Company in the manufacture of aeroplanes. Mrs. Hammond has taken the Gilbert S. Wright home on Van Ness avenue for the time of her stay in Los Angeles. Colonel and Mrs. David Tod Perkins, of Santa Barbara, are also planning a trip away, leaving about November 15 for an extended visit in Washington, New York, and also a visit to their former home in Akron, Ohio. Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Spaulding, prominent in Los Angeles and Pasadena circles, as well as in the northern city, are to return to their Pasadena home again, after a pleasant sojourn in Santa Barbara. They have been occupying the Graham bungalow near the Country Club there. Others to take their departure from Santa Barbara recently, include Mr. and Mrs. L. James of New York, who have been the house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Armstrong, of Montecito and Pasadena. They will enjoy a short visit in Pasadena before returning to

their eastern home. Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong plan to leave November 1 for New York, where they will make a lengthy stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Stow whose marriage was an event of much interest both in Southern California and in the north, have returned from their honeymoon trip, which included a visit to San Francisco, and are at the La Patre ranch in Goleta. Mrs. Stow, before her marriage a month or so ago, was Mrs. Sallie Taylor Alexander, a member of the well known De la Guerre family of Santa Barbara. Mr. Stow is the youngest son of Mrs. Sherman Stow, prominent leader in the exclusive society circles of Santa Barbara and Montecito. He is also a brother of Mrs. Stow Fithian and of Mrs. Loren Van Horn.

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THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

ENGAGEMENT announcements are always of great interest, and particularly so when they are followed by weddings, and when, as in most cases, the young husband must leave soon after for war service. Within the last fortnight the several engagements that have been announced have been of special interest to the social set of Los Angeles. One of the most popular members of the younger set to announce her betrothal was Miss Frances Beveridge, the attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Beveridge of Third avenue, the fortunate man being Mr. Edgar Forbes Wilson, an ensign in the navy, who is now stationed in San Francisco. Miss Beveridge has been one of the most active of the younger Red Cross workers. She is a graduate of Marlborough, and later attended the University of California before going north to college. No date has as yet been set for the wedding, which however, will doubtless take place in the near future. Another engagement recently announced was that of Miss Kathleen Kavanaugh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Kavanaugh of South Serrano avenue to Lieutenant Egmont F. Koenig of the Twenty-first United States Infantry. The young people met at Coronado this last summer when Mrs. Kavanaugh and her two daughters, Miss Kathleen and Miss Doreen, were visiting at this popular southland resort. Miss Kavanaugh, who is popular in social circles, is also a golf enthusiast but has given up her time and energies to Red Cross work, almost to the exclusion of every other activity. Lieutenant Koenig is the son of Dr. Herman Koenig, a retired physician of New York state, and is a graduate of Columbia University. No plans have yet been made for the wedding, but it will be no surprise if, like that of other brides-to-be, an early date is named for the marriage.

Of particular interest to society in Hollywood as well as Los Angeles is the announcement of the engagement of Miss Marie Dolan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James W. Dolan of Las Palmas avenue, to Mr. Robert L. White of Hollywood. The announcement of the betrothal of Miss Margaret E. Ferrie, daughter of Mrs. J. T. Grier of Los Angeles, and sister of Mr. J. R. Grier, Jr. who is at Berkeley, and Mr. Donald Hamilton McLaughlin, of Berkley, is of interest to the social set of the northern city as well as their friends in Los Angeles. The groom-to-be is the son of Mrs. Katherine McLaughlin of Euclid avenue, Berkeley. He is a graduate of the State University of California, and later attended Harvard where he took a masters' degree. Mr. McLaughlin is an engineer by profession, and just now is a student in infantry at the officers' reserve training camp at the Presidio. News from the east announces the engagement of Miss Eleanor Mildred Barbour, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William McKelby Barbour of Pelham Manor, New York, to Mr. Howard Kochersperger of Boston, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hiram M. Kochersperger of New Haven, Conn. Mr. and Mrs. Barbour were former residents of Los Angeles.

At a reception held at the home of Mrs. Jessica Clark, in Fifth street, Santa Monica, a week or so ago, the engagement of the hostess and the Rev. W. H. Cornett was made known. Mrs. Clark is treasurer of the Santa Monica Bay Woman's Club and popular socially, while Dr. Cornett is pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Santa Monica. About sixty guests were invited to the affair. The marriage is to take place Tuesday, January 1, 1918.

Felicitations are being extended Mr. and Mrs. J. Dawson Grady upon the arrival of a small son, who will bear the same name as his proud father, being christened John Dawson Grady, Jr. Mrs. Sanborn Moore, and Miss Gwendolyn Grady, grandmother and aunt of the small boy are still in the East, and are not expected home until December.

Mrs. Richard Heiman, who has been visiting relatives and friends in Los Angeles for several weeks has returned to her home in San Francisco. Mrs. Heiman was formerly Miss Ruth Larned, and one of the popular society girls of Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. William Howard Thomas have gone East for a visit with relatives in Indiana. Mrs. Thomas is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bishop.

Mrs. George A. Rathbun has returned to her home, 42 St. James Park, following an Eastern trip of several weeks. Mrs. Rathbun was accompanied east by her daughter, Miss Ruth Rathbun, who remained East, resuming her studies at Wellesley College. Miss Gladys Keeney has returned to her home in Santa Barbara after a delightful visit in Los Angeles, the house guest of Baroness de Ropp and Baroness Vera de Ropp, who are occupying the Hancock Banning home in West Adams street. Miss Keeney is a popular member of the younger social set in Santa Barbara. Mrs. Nicholas W. Pinto is visiting her mother, Mrs. Edwin V. White of Pasadena. Dr. Pinto was commissioned some time ago and recently left for France. Mrs. Pinto plans to pass the winter in California.

Of interest to society in Los Angeles as well as San Francisco was the wedding last week of Miss Eleanor Uhl, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Uhl of Piedmont and Mr. H. Ward Dawson, of Los Angeles. The marriage was solemnized at the Swedenborgian church in San Francisco and was witnessed by relatives and intimate friends only, the Rev. Albert Bjorck performing the ceremony. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Constance Uhl, and Mr. Donald Dawson served his brother as best man. Mr. and Mrs. Uhl, accompanied by their two charming daughters, passed the summer in Los Angeles and it was during the first weeks of their stay in this city that the young people met. Cupid, ever on the alert for new recruits, soon took command of the situation, and only a few weeks ago the engagement was announced. The bride, who is extremely pretty, made her debut scarcely a year ago at a dinner dance given at the Oakland Hotel. Mr. Dawson is a member of the naval reserve corps at San Pedro.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Bayer of South Alvarado street, entertained a few evenings ago with an informal dinner party the guests of honor being Mr. and Mrs. Edward R. Maier. Mrs. Maier is a recent bride and was formerly Miss Kathleen Stegmeyer. Ensign Volney E. Howard, who has been at San Pedro for the last three months, has been ordered to San Francisco. He expects to be in the northern city for an indefinite time, and Mrs. Howard and their children will go north to stay with Mrs. Howard's mother.

Miss Ruth Hoyt, the attractive daughter of the Albert Sherman Hoyts, of Pasadena, has been enjoying a visit in San Francisco, where she has been the recipient of many delightful affairs given by northern friends. One of her recent hostesses was Mrs. Louise George, and a pleasurable dancing party was the special event. Guests included quite a coterie of Southern Californians, numbering Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Balwin, the latter formerly Miss Jane Richardson of Los Angeles; Miss Bernice Carr, Miss Mildred Johnson, Miss Marjorie Newby, Lieutenant Balwin, U. S. N.; Sergeant Lair Brown, Mr. John Daggett, Mr. Sumner Christy, Mr. Charles Stimson, Mr. George Byner.

Society is taking a keen interest in the junior cotillions that are to be held this winter at Kramer's. A part of the proceeds from these affairs has been promised to war relief work. Patronesses for these cotillions are Mrs. Hamilton Bowman Rollins, Mrs. Eugene Laughlin, Mrs. Albert Crutcher, Mrs. Herman Kerckhoff, Mrs. C. C. Parker, Mrs. Shirley C. Ward, Mrs. Boyle Workman, Mrs. Charles Wellborn, Mrs. J. F. Sartori, Mrs. Thomas R. Duque, Mrs. George Wigmore and Mrs. N. G. Eschman.



G. Edwin Williams

MISS DOROTHY SHERRARD

Daughter of Dr. and Mrs. E. E. Sherrard, of Los Angeles. Miss Sherrard, one of the popular members of the sub-deb set, is a Westlake School student

Mrs. Arthur L. Holman of San Francisco, who has been visiting Mrs. Wallace L. Hardison and her mother, Mrs. Warner, in West Washington street, has returned to her home in the north. Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Mueller have returned to their home in Los Angeles after a brief visit to San Francisco.

Mrs. George Rittenhouse Nixon, who will be remembered as Miss Florence Ethel Forbes, has come to Los Angeles to make her home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Forbes of South Harvard boulevard, while her young husband is in the service of Uncle Sam. Lieutenant and Mrs. Nixon were married September 6, in the Church of The Atonement in Chicago, and left immediately for Camp Mills on Long Island, where the young bridegroom was an officer in the 150th Field Artillery. Lieutenant Nixon sailed a fortnight ago for France.

A CLUB CAUSERIE

By KATISHA

MISS Miriam Van Waters is our new superintendent of Juvenile Hall. She made her bow before the club women at the Friday Morning Club last week and was certainly a revelation of the new order of things. For this new superintendent is a young university woman—good looking, well dressed, highly educated, calm and dignified, distinguished—nothing at all like the average run of institution superintendents. This, with our woman referee of the girl's court, Miss Orpha Shonts, opens up a new and intellectual era in Juvenile Court work, full of promise, inspiration, and accomplishment for this great social problem.

Miss Waters made a speech on "The Century of the Child" which was replete with information, understanding, well-poised logic. She managed to convey an impression of sympathetic efficiency, capacity and courage that instantly won her the endorsement of the club women. She is a genuine innovation, and represents the progress of women in expert social service to a marked degree.

Dr. Arthur Sutherland, our Los Angeles city school psychologist, was the other speaker of the day—another innovation in that an official school psychologist is a very modern institution. He dispelled the idea that psychology was one of the black arts, and gave some illuminating details of psychological tests, both in the business and educational world, which prove a real aid to understanding and knowledge. And every fond mamma among his listeners pondered as he talked of the apparently low mentality of a very large percentage of the scholars, many of whom are three years behind their normal progress. Both Dr. Sutherland and Dr. Moore, who talked Saturday at the University Women's Club, made a strong plea for specially trained teachers.

Dr. Moore based his talk on the arch-significance of the elementary schools in national life, placing them in importance above the colleges and universities. He considered our elementary teachers very inadequately equipped to deal with the great question of the wise education of the young, and urges three or four year courses for them. At present, in country districts, young girls of fifteen graduating from high school can, by passing a simple county examination, get a diploma to teach. He would have the profession of teaching raised to the highest level and, in connection with the Los Angeles Normal school, made a plea for fewer students, but a longer and more efficient term.

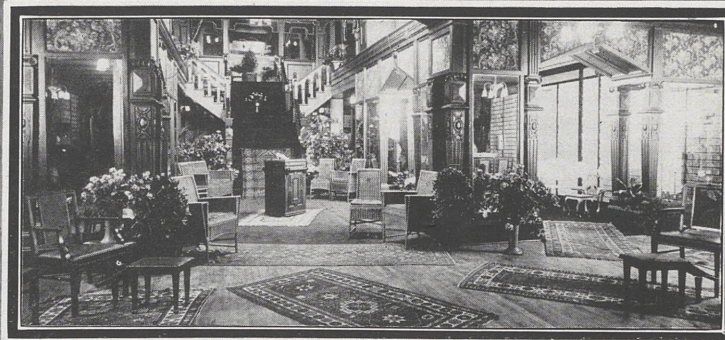
In fact, child welfare and education has been the main theme at the clubs this week, for Dr. Albert Shiels also gave a most illuminating common sense talk at the Friday Club luncheon, saying that while it was true that Los Angeles had as good an educational system as any in the world, it was much more desirable that we should dwell upon and discuss our failures rather than our successes. "Anyone who stands back and prides himself on perfectability is in a bad way," he said. Dr. Shiels strongly endorses the individual treatment system, and decried the system by which grading was classed on age alone, and declared that so many children who were behind in their grade were really quite normal and intelligent—that food, houses, clothes and health were really as important factors in education as mentality and teachers.

The Ebell Club's social section held a most successful meeting last Thursday, for which the much-abused word "democracy" was the keynote. It was treated from several points of view by numerous able speakers. Mr. W. H. Ghent, the patriotic socialist, Will Levington Comfort, the brilliant young author; Mrs. Andrew S. Lobingier, president of the Friday Club; Mrs. Birnie Donnell, president of the University Women's Club; Mrs. Clarence Van Graham, president of the Women's City Club, and Mrs. Chester Ashley, president of Ebell, all contributed new thought. But it was Mr. Comfort who brought the inspirational message of the day, reminding us that the master, Jesus, was the truest democrat, that He meant so actually and definitely just exactly what He said, and that if world democracy was to come, it would come as that Master Mind conceived it—in universal love and tolerance, in mutual self-sacrifice, in deeds and not words.

Dr. Lulu Peters is speaking at various clubs these days on her pet subject of Health and Morals, in her capacity of Public Health Chairman of the State Federation of clubs. She has such a poised, semi-humorous way of dealing with uncomfortable truths, and talks so well and engagingly on such utterly dreadful subjects that she is always assured of a large audience. At the City Club last week she put a stern ban on kissing between club women, upon naughty tempers and petty irritations, and told such a series of good jokes on doctors, Christian Scientists and osteopaths alike, that she managed to get a good deal of healthful instruction across without seeming to be too personal about it. At the Wednesday Morning Club this week she talked of the modern problem, "the dangerous age." They probably had dangerous ages in the solid old past but they never knew it. But now that daring authors have devoted numerous frank books to the subject, we feel that the dangerous age is a strictly modern complaint. And to be in the vicinity of forty these days is to make one feel quite uncomfortably self-conscious about it—both sexes.

Club women are feeling very gratified about improved jail conditions for women, as narrated in Dr. Grace Spring's report on the emergency committee. The jail is still a pest-hole and a disgrace to the city, but the activities of the women have at least gained numerous ameliorating additions to it, such as plumbing, and a dash of privacy.

By the way, the women's clubs came through the Liberty Loan campaign with flying colors—they were responsible for nearly \$250,000 by direct subscription. This is tangible patriotism. Even the small school branches of the P. T. A. under the guidance of Mrs. B. H. Davies, clubbed together and bought \$400 worth.

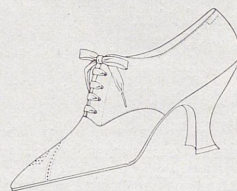


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SOME RECENT BOOKS

By JO NEELY

PREFACE

"The glory of the World would be lost in oblivion if God had not provided mortals with a remedy in Books. Towers are raised to the earth, cities are overthrown, triumphal arches moulded to the dust; but as long as the Book exists, the author cannot perish."

*"Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples. Ye:
Whose agonies are evils of a day—
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay."*

PAULINE Stiles has planted her feet in all the most interesting places in the "Old World" and has given an entrancingly interesting account of her travels. From the moment of her embarking from the "Princess Irene" she gives a most delightful and intimate description of her many unique experiences in many lands. Seldom has there been a book published with quite so much of the human touch as we find in this beautifully made volume. Miss Stiles had the entree to the studios of many celebrated sculptors and painters in Rome, with every opportunity to hear all that which is worth while in music, and with friends by the way to introduce outings and picnics where they proved most irresistible. The journeying to Rome, Paris, Touraine, Belgium, England and portions of Spain are described in such a way as to make one's self one of the party. Miss Stiles' manner is so pleasing and natural that even the excitement of the opening of the Great World War, which is positively vivid with dramatic contrasts and stirring details, is not fraught with the least suggestion of horror or unhappiness. The illustrations are made from the author's photographs, and in their artistic effectiveness, add greatly to the atmospheric beauty of the book. To sum it up, it is a most "fascinating, bubbling-over-with-joy" account of a trip of three American girls from their home in sunny California who had the time of their lives on an extended European trip just before the war began. (*New Footprints In Old Places*, by Pauline Stiles. Paul Elder.)



PALATINE HILL, ROME

Illustration from "New Footprints In Old Places"

THE compilation of a volume of this character presupposes a knowledge of the best that has been written in this particular line of literature. Unfortunately the selections in the book do not bear out such a supposition. The collection is a mixture of the good, the bad, and the mediocre. Lincoln's "Gettysburg Address" is its high-water mark in the prose, with Patrick Henry's familiar oration taking the second place of honor. The choice of President Wilson's "Brooklyn Navy-Yard Address" does not do him justice, as his later utterances have been of much higher quality. There is other prose which has high merit, much of it already well-known to the school-books, and fitted for declamatory exercises. Julia Ward Howe's time-honored "Battle Hymn of the Republic" is the best verse, but it is easily in the realm of poetry, not merely verse. Joaquin Miller's vivid poetic personality shines in the two selections assigned him, and Frank L. Stanton's "One Country" is a fine and dignified lyric. "The Blue and the Gray", "Old Ironsides", and other school-day favorites are found in the book, and there are some newer verses of good quality scattered through the pages. But what shall be said of a Ph. D., and an "Instructor in English" who either deliberately or ignorantly omits from such a compendium "The Bivouac of the Dead", by Theodore O'Hara, and the "Dirge for a Fallen Soldier", by George H. Boker? O'Hara's poem is to this kind of literature what Chopin's Funeral March is to that class of musical compositions.

*It stands alone
Like Adam's recollection of his fall."*

Boker's Dirge is incomparably the finest lyric ever written to the memory of an American soldier. It seems impossible that these poems should have been knowingly left out, or unwittingly passed by. It is an exhibition of "Chicagoese" which is very deplorable. They would have done this thing better in Boston. "Paul Revere's Ride" is also included in the book, but

"Sheridan's Ride" blithely ignored. Alan Seeger, the young American who died fighting in France, is represented by a letter not more remarkable than hundreds of letters written by young fellows at the front. But Seeger's poem "I Have a Rendezvous With Death" is a lyric of exquisite beauty and prophetic vision. It was a most egregious blunder to omit it. It is to be hoped that any additional edition of this book will include the poems mentioned, as they are all classics. Whittier is given space for two rather tame selections, but his ringing ballad of "Barbara Frietchie" is another unfortunate omission. With these faults excepted, the book will be found to be both interesting and valuable as a whole. (A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago.)

ON THE Head Waters of Peace River, by Paul L. Haworth, is a very interesting and well-illustrated account of a canoe voyage into the far northwest, with the usual accompaniments of fishing, hunting, and discovering the various quaint characters who either wander in, or are located in such wildernesses. Mr. Haworth makes his story exceedingly attractive, and it is told with a simplicity which adds to the charm. The recital will be particularly valued by those who know outdoor life, who have camped in the mountains, and who have tasted to their keen delight, the joys of the wilds. Most of the illustrations are clear-cut and excellent, a few, however, being rather misty and indistinct. Much information about the rivers and mountains of the country will be found in the pages of Mr. Haworth's book, and accounts of the game and fish found in the various different districts. There is a fresh, agrestic tang to the book; suggestive of remote places and untrodden pathways; a camp-fire atmosphere, and lorn echoes that call up memories of those wanderers,

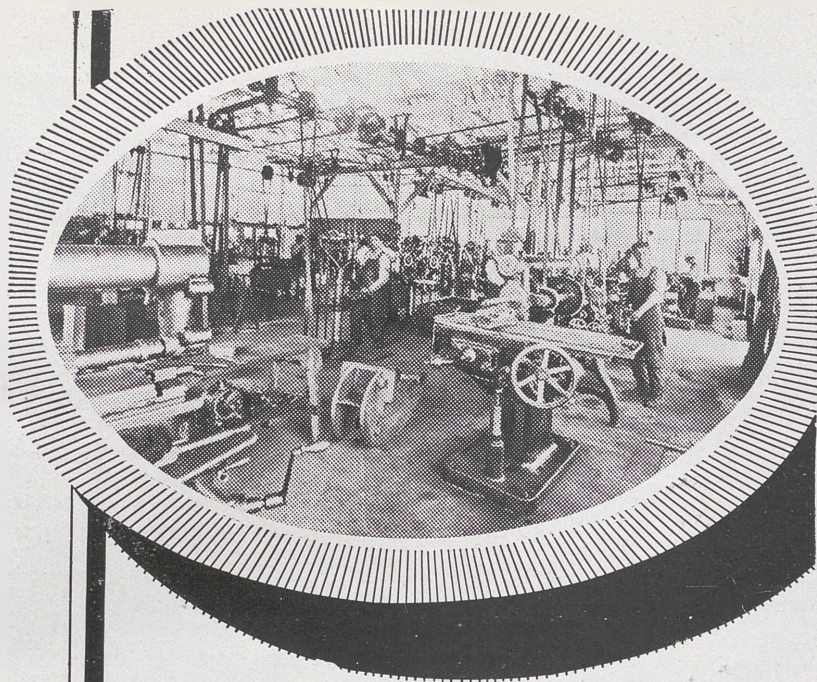
*"Who heard above the
winds and waters roar,
The wolf's lone howl
by Oonalaska's shore"
(On the Head Waters
Of Peace River. Charles
Scribner's Sons. N. Y.)*

THE doctrine of reincarnation, at one time in the story of biblical thought accepted as a reasonable way of explaining great and good personalities, has been frowned upon in our Western thought for many centuries as utterly unorthodox and pagan. With a growing knowledge of the East, and a more friendly attitude to its cults, which seeks to find out points helpful of similarity rather than of diver-

gence, Christian apologists find it more difficult to turn down impromptu the belief in reincarnation. Did not seekers after truth in the days of our Lord wonder if He were not Elijah come to life again? If it is invisible life that is permanent, and matter passes away, where does personality go? The Eastern sage may answer that it waits for entrance into another mundane body.

*Come they no more? those cherished ones?
Passed they like moonlight o'er the sea?
A few short hours, and then black night?
No moon, no stars, no hope, no light?
Ah no! Deep in the soul a voice speaks low to me,
"From out the central flame all life has sprung
And cannot die; they live, the deathless, ever young,
Beyond the thin, thin veil, grieve then no more".*

So sings our authoress in the musical lines entitled *From Sunset to Sunrise*, forming an overture to the book, which is dedicated "To those sisters and brothers of the world, who are seeking Light upon the Riddle of Life." The Introduction takes the reader back two thousand years to the city of Babylon, where two unfortunate lovers, the Princess Hamurai, daughter of the king Nebuchadnezzar and Cyrus, officer of the palace guards, drown themselves together in the waters of the Euphrates. A necklace, the "Amulet" of the tale, which an Astrologer whom she consulted gave her, as a promise of happiness in a future reincarnation, was picked up on the water's edge, and its later happenings, affecting the lives of two modern lovers, supply a nucleus to the story. The writer has lived in the East, and some of her own experiences are woven into the tale, the scenes of which are laid in Kashmir and Tibet. (*The Amulet*, by Katharine Treat Blackledge. Commercial Printing House, Los Angeles)



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A scene in the shops of the Hotpoint Company, located at Ontario, Calif. This is the largest organization in the world devoted exclusively to the manufacture of electrically heated household appliances.

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to make a Will and name therein a thoroughly competent executor and trustee of his estate is solely to blame if his hard-earned wealth is quickly dissipated by his beneficiaries, or wasted through costly litigation.

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Mullen & Bluett
Broadway at Sixth

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

RIDING home in the street-cars after the initial performance of *Our Little Wife* at Morosco's on Sunday afternoon it was both amusing and instructive to listen, (as one had to do considering their nearness) to the comments of two ladies who had evidently attended the show. "Wasn't it delightful?" said No. 1. "The best farce-comedy I've seen for years was the reply. "I do so yearn to see a play before those self-important dramatic critics explain everything to me, tell me who is good and who is weak, and work out the whole scheme of actors and play until my curiosity is worn to a thread."

"But don't you like to hear all about a play before you go", queried No. 1. "Indeed I don't", was the answer. "Take the play we have just seen, for an example. If the plot or lack of plot had all been given me by the critics and the opinion of the critics as to the acting worked out to a mathematical exactness, how much less I would have enjoyed Bertha Mann's superb acting in the part of the wife. All her luxurious charm and verve in the part would have been spoiled for me. And poor Bobo Brown, the unconscious trouble-breeder, how skilfully Richard Dix played the part!"

"Yes, indeed" said her friend, "and wasn't Francois simply delicious?" "He was the French waiter precisely", was the response, and in fact the entire company was good. What a rattling fire of wit and humor was being continuously fired all through the three acts. "There was only one slow interval—when Bobo's rooms were empty. They should arrange it so that some one would be on the stage continuously."

"I agree with you there", replied No. 1, "and for my part, I thought Bobo's bachelor apartments were furnished more like a lady's boudoir than a man's rooms—otherwise the stage settings and accessories were particularly excellent."

"Do you know", said her friend, "I really think the music at Morosco's is always worth the price of admission to the theatre, even if there were no shows." "It is certainly selected with taste and beautifully given" was the response. "How did you like Harland Tucker as the husband?" "Well, he had a difficult part, and I think he was very good. "Tommy's recitation of his own poetry was good, too. "There was a first-rate audience, wasn't there?" "Oh! Yes, and there will be big audiences all through the week."

"Poor Dodo Warren", said one of the ladies reflectively, she could no more help her fascinations than a peacock. As each man appears on the scene her Cleopatra-like allurements are immediately brought into play!" "What strong, clever hands you have! "What lovely eyes you have. "Herb has spoken of you so often! "No wonder Herb is driven to distraction."

"Well", said her friend, "I have only one really serious objection to the play, and that is, the double entendres were a trifle too coarse. I can find those things, if I want to, in the French novels. They seemed to mar the otherwise perfect symmetry of a most charming comedy. I hope they'll cut them

from the dialogue. It is such a genuinely clever, vivid, vital comedy that everyone ought to see it. And the cleaner a comedy is, the better the memory is of its presentation."

"By the way", said the lady in the furs, "did you ever see anything more effective than the ending?" "It was the climax of anti-climax", said the lady in the mannish hat and velvet gown. "No all-round reconciliation, no unexplainable change in Dodo's man-devouring proclivities, but just the logical working out of the character to the last." I wondered at the judgment of the ladies and appreciated, as they did, the charm of both the play and the actors and actresses who acted in the various roles. Are there

such women as Dodo Warren? And do they make fools of men in this sinuous, clinging manner? Scholar, saint, sage, hard-headed men of business, what does their experience avail them at such times?

*"Though wisdom oft hath sought me
And store of knowledge brought me,
My only books were women's looks
And folly's what they've taught me."*

If you don't see *Our Little Wife* at Morosco's you will simply miss an artistic and mirth-provoking comedy such as has very rarely been played in modern times.

HIGH-class vaudeville requires artistic presentation. Not only artists to give it, but men with artistic sympathies to lend the proper setting to the performance as an entirety. Jarring contradictions as to back-ground, scenery, the framing of the picture and other accessories, may mar otherwise most enjoyable representation. Men sometimes frame and re-frame a picture many times until the blend of color is as perfect as possible. Why not this same care in bringing actors, musicians and entertainers before the public. Vaudeville itself (modernly re-christened) is as old as music as a means of entertainment. Layard and Livingston in their widely divergent travels were met and welcomed with such varied amusements by Arab Chiefs and the Kings in darkest Africa. So old an art therefore, deserves infinite care in its introduction to the people, and



HENRIETTA CROSMAN AND DODSON MITCHELL

In a scene from "Erstwhile Susan", Mason week of November 12th

The Orpheum management has in every respect striven for, and in a very high measure attained this aim. The bill for this week is thoroughly enjoyable. Not every number is a "head-liner", but the performance as an entirety is essentially high-class. What more could one ask for?

*Miss McKee's melodious whistle
Would put to shame a throistle;
"The Night Boat" was delightful
And the "Jungle" lions frightful;
As for "Saucy Lillian Gonne"
One would say she simply shone;
Kitner, Hawksley and McClay*

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¶ An excellent eighteen-hole Golf Course, and two splendid Tennis Courts are within a few minutes walk of the hotel.

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¶ The Government Aviation School on North Island is nearby, where flights may be witnessed daily, and nowhere in America can aviation be seen to such advantage.

¶ And just across the Bay is the City of San Diego, with the architecture of the late Exposition standing out against the blue sky.

The Hotel del Coronado is conducted on the American plan. It is located at Coronado Beach, California, and is reached by train from Los Angeles, and by boat from all Coast points. Hotel representatives meet all trains and boats

You Will Notice

While attending the AUTOMOBILE SHOW that the *Goodyear Cord and Fabric Tires* predominate as standard equipment.

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Opposite the Ville. Adjacent to Coulter's, on Olive

PLAYS AND PLAYERS NOTES & HALF-NOTES

(Continued from page 17)

You could hear them sing all day;
And "Mercedes" was a wonder
Scarce a skip, and not a blunder;
And the Jordan girls perfection
In their wire-act selection;
While as for Frankie Heath
Hand her up a laurel wreath;
But you mustn't hear of all
The attractions great and small,
Here's advice before I go
Buy a seat and see the show.

DID it ever strike you that Community rhymed with Opportunity? If you had dropped into the little theatre in Hollywood Monday night, you might have noticed that. From a bowling alley, with "strikes", "spares", and "turkeys", to a Thespian Temple is a far cry, but it has been accomplished. Four one-act plays, or rather playlets were presented. To take the last one first, *Food*, a satire on the high cost of living, it pleased everyone, and was well acted. *The Sweetmeat Game*, a Chinese play beautifully staged was acted well enough, but the incongruity of Chinese settings with English speech was a trifle inartistic, beseech me. Besides, a real Chinese play begins about New Year's day and winds up on the 4th of July. *Suppressed Desires* was most delightfully and entirely clever; rippling with absurdity, sparkling with fun. Florence Haines Reed as Henrietta Brewster was a woman and all the psycho-analysis in the world could not hide the fact. She was positively charming, uniquely exasperating, essentially feminine. Her support was good, and the satire on the "fad" of psycho-analysis as witty as possible. *The Man on the Kerb* struck a sombre note. Looking around on that richly-dressed, cultured audience, listening to chatter of stocks, bonds and dividends during the intervals, glimpsing silks, diamonds and furs everywhere—what had such an audience to do with poverty? Was it possible that more than one man there had known the hell of tramping a strange city in search of work? Vae Victis! And treble woe to the careless wretch who starts on such a quest unless immaculately appparelled and with the air of conferring, instead of asking a favor. There was no "happy ending". You have to get such shreds of *Letters from the Underworld*, and suggestions of *The Song of the Shirt*, in order to appreciate the proper perspective to life. Lights and shades, you know, heights and depths, and the true artistic values of magnificence and misery. Max Pollock did excellently well as the man. No! there was no "happy ending" but the finale was well-etched, and as natural as a suicide. Too many happy endings get monotonous, whether in books or plays.

"Happy the bride the sun shines on;
Happy the corpse the rain falls on."

THE comedy of *Erstwhile Susan*, with no less an accomplished actress than Henrietta Crosman in the leading role, is booked for the Mason next week. The play is built from the novel of *Martha of the Mennonite Country* from the pen of Helen R. Martin, the novelist, and was re-modeled for the stage by Marian de Forest. The Pennsylvania Dutch are a type in themselves, and the play is unique, interesting and distinctly fun-provoking.

(Continued from page 15)

of forty, and while Uncle Sam frightened him when he was originally assembling the orchestra by taking six of his musicians, they have succeeded in filling the gaps. The engagement will be opened by "La Tosca" with Ester Ferrabini, followed by "La Boheme" with Maggie Teyte on Nov. 13, and the other dates as per advertisement in this issue. The repertoire for the second week will include "La Boheme," "Carmen," "Faust," "Rigoletto," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Thais," and "Il Trovatore."

ALMA GLUCK, soprano, opens the Second Series of the Philharmonic Course at Trinity Auditorium next Thursday evening, and will also give a matinee Saturday. It is estimated that at least 300,000 people heard the voice of Miss Gluck last season, as she gave nearly one hundred concerts in almost as many cities, and in each instance the auditoriums were filled. The number of Gluck admirers who listen daily to her singing on the phonograph,



Ester Ferrabini

of course mounts into millions. Miss Gluck spent the summer at Fishers' Island, New York, and in those hours when she was not practicing, devoted her time to the supervision of a large vegetable garden. The proceeds she gave to a fund to help the families of soldiers. Her costumes are always in the best of good taste, and she is one of those fortunate woman who "know how to wear clothes". Of more importance, however, is the rare gift she has of arranging good programmes and singing them beautifully.

MOTOR NOTES

(Continued from page 17)

LYNN C. BUXTON
South Tent 3—Stearns-Knight.

One four cylinder, five passenger car; one four cylinder phaeton, two eight cylinder sport models, one eight cylinder town car and one eight cylinder chassis showing the working operations of the Knight motor.

CONWELL-HATHAWAY CO.
East Tent 42—Monroe.
Five passenger, four cylinder touring

car, stream line, light tan body, black semi-victoria top, plate glass windows, nickel trim, wire wheels, leather upholstery.

Five passenger, blue stream-line body, white wheels, silk mohair top, leather upholstery.

Four passenger sedan, Fisher body finished in black, gray Bedford cloth interior furnishing.

Tow passenger roadster, black body, cream wheels, mohair standard top.

GREER-ROBBINS COMPANY.

Tabernacle 17—Chalmers & Hupmobile.

One wine colored touring five passenger Hupmobile, semi-victoria top, one Allegheny blue with black landau leather top, blue velour seat covers with carpet to match and white wire wheels.

One "auto red" with white running gear and whipcord seat covers; five passenger.

One seven passenger semi-victoria top, whipcord seat covers, stock color.

One regular stock model sedan seven passenger.

One regular stock model, five passenger, touring.

One Hupmobile motor, cut open, running.

Chalmers—Stock touring cars, cabriolet, town car, limousine and sedan, in variety of colors and possibly world's record speedster and stripped chassis.

AL. G. FAULKNER CO.

Tabernacle 33—Marmon.

Holbrook limousine, seven passenger, combination town car and limousine body, painting maroon; upper works and chassis, black. Upholstering to match.

Seven passenger town car; body, buff color; upper works and chassis, black; upholstery to match.

Seven passenger sedan, Brewster green body; upper works and chassis, black; upholstery to match.

Four passenger roadster, gray body.

Seven passenger touring car; painting, blue.

LEACH MOTOR CAR CO.—Tabernacle 24

King 8, Dort, Liberty, Premier.

King 8—

Seven passenger sedan, dark green, black enameled fenders, gray motor cloth upholstery, wheels standard.

Two sport models, foursome; feature equipment and body colors.

Seven passenger standard touring car.

Stripped chassis painted factory colors, running electrically.

Dort—

Sedan, five passenger, black and green finish, white wire wheels, gray motor cloth upholstery.

Three passenger roadster, specially equipped at factory for show.

Five passenger touring car, specially equipped by factory for show.

Five passenger globe trotter, standard touring car, officially described as finished in dirt and mud, nationally known test demonstrator.

Electrically running stripped chassis, standard factory finish.

Liberty—

Five passenger touring car, coach black finish and wheels, upholstered in gray motor cloth.

Milady's brougham, finished wolf brown, upholstered black leather, gray motor cloth, brown wheels.

Five passenger touring car finished in green, natural wood wheels.

New two passenger roadster painted brilliant red, white wire wheels; specially upholstered for show.

Standard stripped chassis.

SMITH BROTHERS

Tabernacle 16—Paige, Peerless.

Nine exhibits Paige models, special features throughout equipment and body lines.

Six exhibits of Peerless cars embracing latest departures in construction and furnishings.

Our illustration shows the new series model 56 Peerless roadster, which will be one of the features of the mystery exhibit of Smith Brothers at the Automobile Show, at which place they will show six Peerless and nine Paige models of the latest type and, as Mr. Young says, the real surprises are being held in the

(Continued on page 33)

Stop! Look!
Listen!

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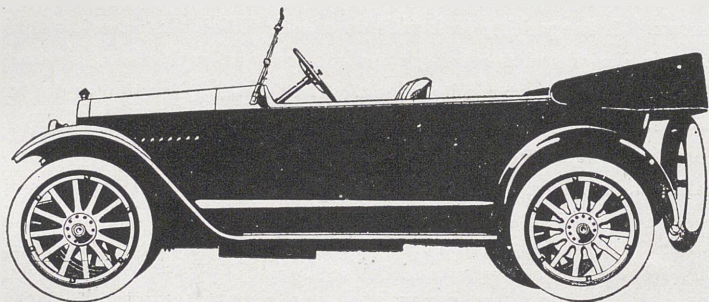
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In the Stearns you find only distinctive elements.

From the tip of the radiator to the rear of the tonneau you see marked refinements.

Its body is custom made.

From the Stearns-built-Knight motor to the rear axle it is built to Stearns standards.

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Stearns Four five-passenger Touring Car for Seven, \$1925; Four Passenger Roadster, \$1785; Convertible Sedan, \$2385; Coupe, \$2300; Limousine, \$3200; Limousine Brougham, \$3300; Landaulet, \$3300; Landaulet Brougham, \$3350

\$1785

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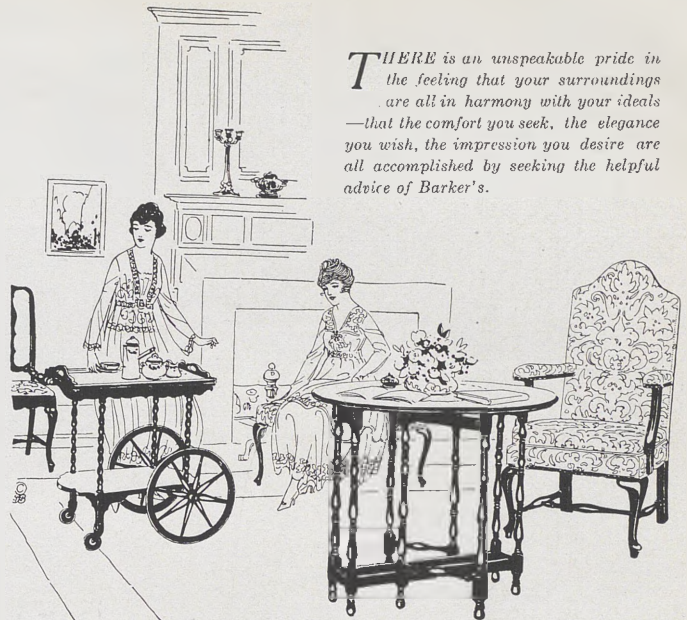
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Stress of the times makes it eminently fit and proper that Christmas gifts this year should be practical—worth giving, worth receiving and worth keeping. Such gifts are never open to criticism; but a gift without intrinsic value and real usefulness may well be called foolish and extravagant in troublous times.

If there ever was a time when intelligence should come to the aid of sentiment, to temper generosity with judgment, and to prompt the giving of those things that enrich and glorify that sacred spot the Home—it is THIS year—NOW.

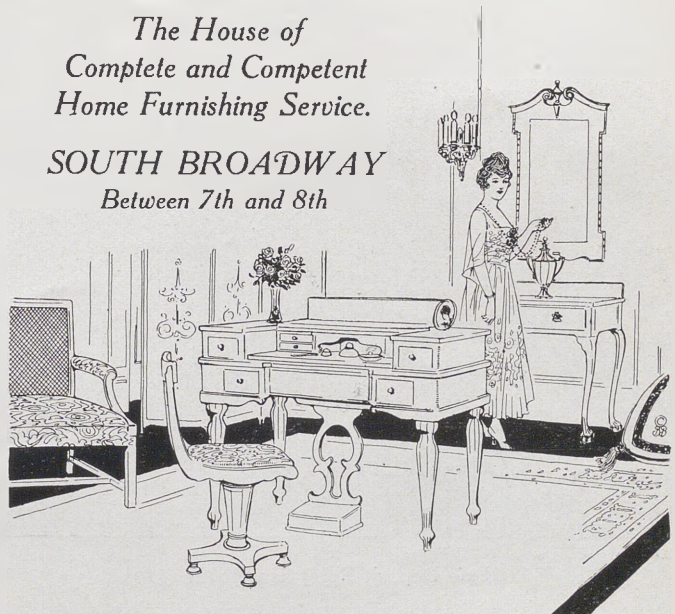
If ever there was ONE store especially fitted to offer you stocks so varied, so complete, so helpful in the choosing of Gifts for the Home, it is BARKER'S. The gift resources of this store are adequate to meet every requirement.

Selections may be made now and will be reserved for Christmas delivery.

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ARTS AND DECORATIONS

By ROY C. BAILIE



Main Banking Room



Board of Directors Room

BREATHING the spirit of the west in which progressiveness is its chief characteristic, the Bank of Coronado moved into its new home less than nine months after it was organized by John D. Spreckels on April 25, 1916. The building which stands at the corner of Orange and Loma Avenues is a tribute to the founder, and is an ornament to Coronado. It has an individuality which is a pleasing contrast to the contiguous structures, and is an important epoch in the growth of this city. The structure is of Italian Renaissance architecture, and is of reinforced concrete, the exterior having ornamented pillars at the entrance in addition to heavy plate glass windows which give an abundance of light. The interior woodwork is of Santo Domingo mahogany with beautifully grained panels, there being a number of pillars which are surmounted with ornamented capitals. These are in keeping with the architecture and the Crown of Coronado predominates in the motif. All of the panels of the woodwork are quarter sawed, and the hand carved borders form a pleasing effect.

The lighting is of the inverted system, by means of specially constructed lamps in old gold, bronze and mahogany tones with the further featuring of a crown. The side wall panels are of mahogany, hand carved and finished in dull old gold against a background of stippled bronze, gold, dull blue and red tones. The officers' being separated from the business section by heavy

plate glass, with hand etched borders and mahogany brackets. The President's and Cashier's offices are finished in old mahogany, the chairs being upholstered in green leather. The entrance to the manganese vault is protected by heavy steel doors, set in handsomely carved mahogany frames. The safe deposit department has separate quarters with five specially arranged coupon rooms. Each is fitted with electric lights, a mahogany table, comfortable chairs and other conveniences. The women's department is suggestive of the thoughtful attention which is always extended to patrons of the gentler sex. A fine writing desk with an artistic Tiffany lamp, a low table, comfortable chairs and a retiring room represent as complete a section as might be found in a metropolitan bank. The furniture is mahogany upholstered with mulberry velour and gold, with hangings to match. In addition to these there are soft black and white rugs and these form a combination suggestive of restfulness. A number of rare paintings on the wall were a part of the art exhibit at the World's Fair. All of the interior decorations were done by the Tiffany studio of New York, the effects being carried out in mottled bronze, blue mahogany and dull reds.

The officers are John D. Spreckels, president; Harry L. Titus and Read G. Dilworth, vice presidents, and Frank Von Tesmar, cashier and managing director. The Board of Directors are John D. Spreckels, Harry L. Titus, Read G. Dilworth, Frank Von Tesmar and C. L. Williams.



Safe Deposit Reception Room



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Diplomatic Days

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THIS new book is just as delightful as the author's wonderfully successful book of reminiscences—"A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico"—which was published last year.

A keen appreciation for the beauty and romance of the land to which her husband was an accredited diplomat, and a felicitous power for making others feel it with her, together with inside information and amusing gossip of those in high places are not often found together as here.

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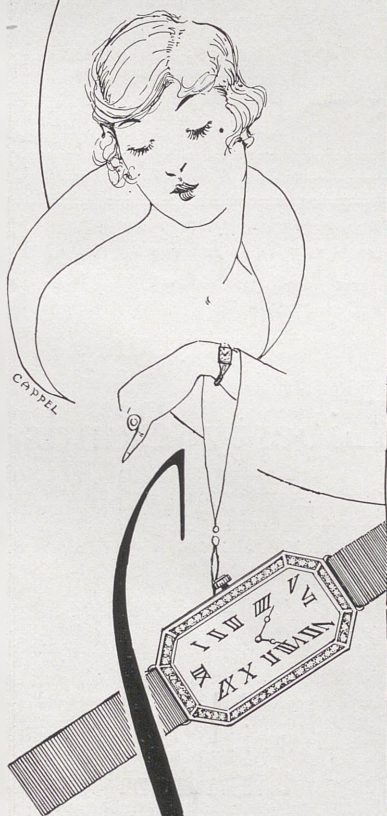
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The sketch shows one of the most popular shapes in wrist timepieces.

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The fur garment which appears in this announcement was sketched from a living model in the Colburn shops. This original creation is one of the scores of advanced ideas in fur designing which are now being shown exclusively in this city by Colburn.

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PASADENA RED CROSS

November 17 will be a great day in the history of the Maryland Hotel and the Pasadena Chapter of the American Red Cross. This latter organization is expected to add to its already remarkable reputation but in a somewhat new line. On this day the Red Cross will own and manage the Maryland Hotel. The managers of the Hotel are to be Mrs. Page Warden, Mrs. W. S. McCay, Mrs. Myron Hunt, Mrs. M. Ringen Drummond, and Mrs. Stevens Halsted.

The two biggest events, perhaps, will be the Tea Dansant in the afternoon. Reservations may be made from Mrs. Albert Sherman Hoyt, Colorado 5860.

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Luncheon and Afternoon Tea
11:30 a.m. until 5:30 p.m.
Cakes, Pies, Bread, etc.
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Miss Chamberlain Mrs. Williams

HARVARD SCHOOL (Military)

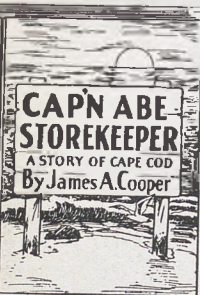
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FOURTH AT SPRING
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

MOTOR NOTES

(Continued from page 28)

background and will be unveiled to the public for the first time on Monday afternoon next. The Smith Brothers exhibit will cover the largest show space at the Show, and some special decorative features, never before attempted at an exhibit of this kind, will add very materially to the general beauties of the Show.

F. M. SEAGER MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Tabernacle ***—Jordan, Grant.

Jordan—Special six cylinder, four passenger, sport body, finished light blue, permanent top, plate glass windows, tapestry upholstered, white wire wheels.

Seven passenger town car, dark gray finish, furnishings gray, white wire wheels.

Seven passenger town car, standard body, white wire wheels, pantesote top.

Three passenger roadster, standard body, white wire wheels.

WHITE AUTO COMPANY
Tabernacle 22—White.

Seven passenger, 16 valve, maroon body, pantesote top, plate glass windows, black leather upholstering, wood wheels.

Four passenger roadster, battleship gray body.

Coupe, three passenger standard.

THE WINTON COMPANY
Tabernacle 28—Winton.

One seven passenger touring, painted thistle green, green leather upholstering, permanent leather victoria top with green interior and green silk curtains over glasses.

One seven passenger convertible sedan, beaver brown with gray Spanish leather upholstering.

One four passenger convertible sedan in Maori green with pig skin wire wheels.

One two passenger roadster in golden brown, brown Spanish upholstery.

One six passenger touring, color cafe au lait combination, brown Spanish upholstery.

One seven passenger three-quarter limousine, painted Taupe with tan Weise cloth upholstering.

GEORGE I. LUFKIN & COMPANY
Tabernacle 27—Pathfinder.

One stripped Pathfinder chassis.

DON LEE
South Tent 5—Cadillac.

One seven passenger standard limousine.

One seven passenger standard landaulet limousine.

One seven passenger town car.

One five passenger brougham, inside drive.

One four passenger Victoria with wire wheels.

One three passenger roadster, special tan finish, semi-victoria top.

One five passenger phaeton, finished in brown leather, permanent top.

One seven passenger touring, finished in sage green, victoria top and tapestry seat covers.

One cut open chassis mounted on platform with special lecture.

LOCOMOBILE CO. OF AMERICA
Tabernacle 12—Locomobile.

Seven passenger limousine, dark blue body, black fenders, gray motor cloth upholstered, blue wood wheels.

Seven passenger touring car, brown body, white wire wheels, pantesote standard top.

Six passenger torpedo touring car, narrow lines on body painted dark blue, dark blue wheels and old style victoria top.

OWEN MAGNETIC SALES CORPORATION.
East Tent 49

Owen Magnetic, Marion-Handley,
Rauch & Lang Electric.

Owen Magnetic—One standard limousine finished in sage green with upholstery to match, wire wheels.

One four passenger touring in mulberry velour, satin ebony finish, wire wheels.

Marion-Handley—Four passenger roadster, brown Spanish leather, white wire wheels.

Rauch & Lang Electric—Closed car, white wire wheels.

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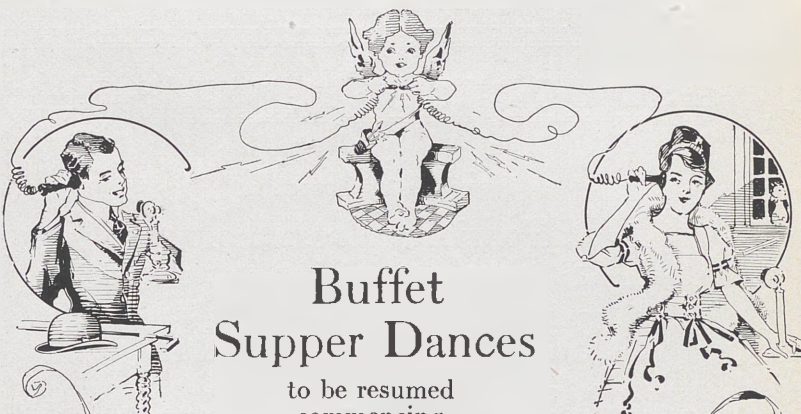
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and after December 1st, each Monday and Thursday
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Beginning
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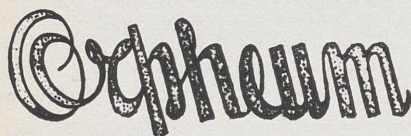
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Mat., Nov. 15, LA TOSCA.

Tuesday evening, Nov. 13, LA
BOHEME

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Thurs. eve., Nov. 15, Sat. Mat.,
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Nov. 17

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Comparative Statement

October 1, 1891		October 1, 1917	
Capital.....	\$100,000	Capital.....	\$ 1,500,000
Surplus.....	928	Surplus.....	750,000
Deposits.....	82,840	Deposits.....	23,200,000
Depositors, 664		Depositors, 59,000	

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Hibernian Savings Bank

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Surplus and Profits
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GEORGE A. J. HOWARD, Cashier

First National Bank

Capital, \$1,500,000.00
Surplus and Profits,
\$2,733,607.40

S. W. Cor. Seventh and Spring

Deposits, \$29,452,020.38

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Farmers & Merchants Nat. Bank

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